PHOENIX

Volume 21 Number 5 San Francisco State University Thursday, the Twentyninth day of September, 1977 Twelve pages

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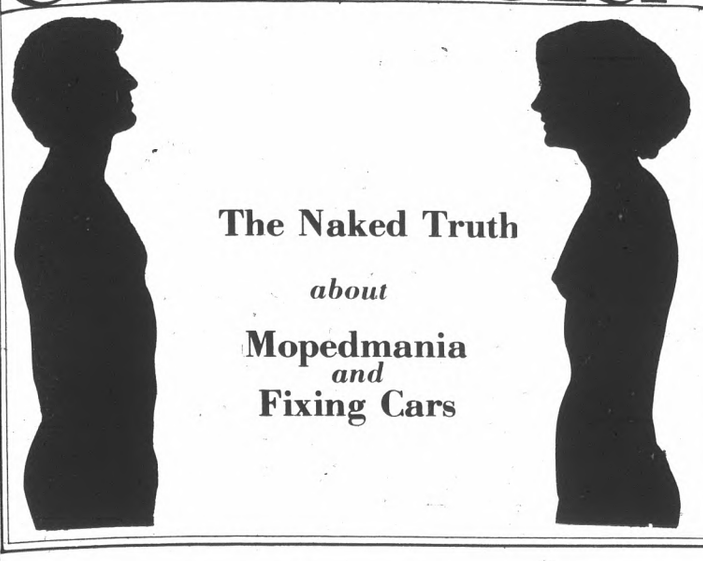

The Naked Truth

about

Mopedmania
and
Fixing Cars

No money, no programs but AS officers still paid

by Robert B. Wardell

SF State Associated Student (AS) officers are receiving regular monthly paychecks while the stalled budget leaves them with little work to do.

The combined monthly salaries of the officers amount to $1,925, or $23,100 per year, and are issued in the form of grants-in-aid (financial aid).

The funds for the AS officers' salaries come from the $10 mandatory student body fee. The use of these funds for salaries does not conflict with the law.

According to Provost Donald L. Garrity, money for grants for AS officers is released at two month intervals.

In July, President Paul F. Romberg released funds for July and August.

At the end of August Romberg recommended additional funds be released so the AS could work on the budget, said Garrity. This release covers grants for September and October.

According to Sandra Duffield, associate dean of Student Activities, the grants-in-aid are paid "regardless of whether they perform in the position." The AS Board of Directors approves the grants yearly, said Duffield.

AS officers would normally devote about 25 hours a week to AS business, and usually carry about nine units of classes, said Duffield.

Title 5 of the Education Code authorizes the use of student body funds for "scholarships, grants-in-aid, stipends, loans and similar financial aids..."

Title 5 also states: "In no case shall the combination of ... financial aids exceed the amount necessary to cover books, school fees, living expenses, and related educational expenses." The Financial Aid office acts as the watchdog of those funds.

These salaries are being paid to AS officers:

President - $325 per month
Vice-president - $250 per month
Treasurer - $300 per month
Chief Justice - $250 per month
Speaker of the Legislature - $300 per month
Assistant Speaker - $250 per month

Other campuses also compensate their AS officers. The San Jose State AS president receives $400 per month for a 12 month period. The San Diego State AS president is paid $250 per month for a 12 month period. The CSU Fresno AS president receives $200 per month for a 10 month period.

Funds paid to AS officers fall under the category of financial aid and are not taxable.

The first SF State AS president to

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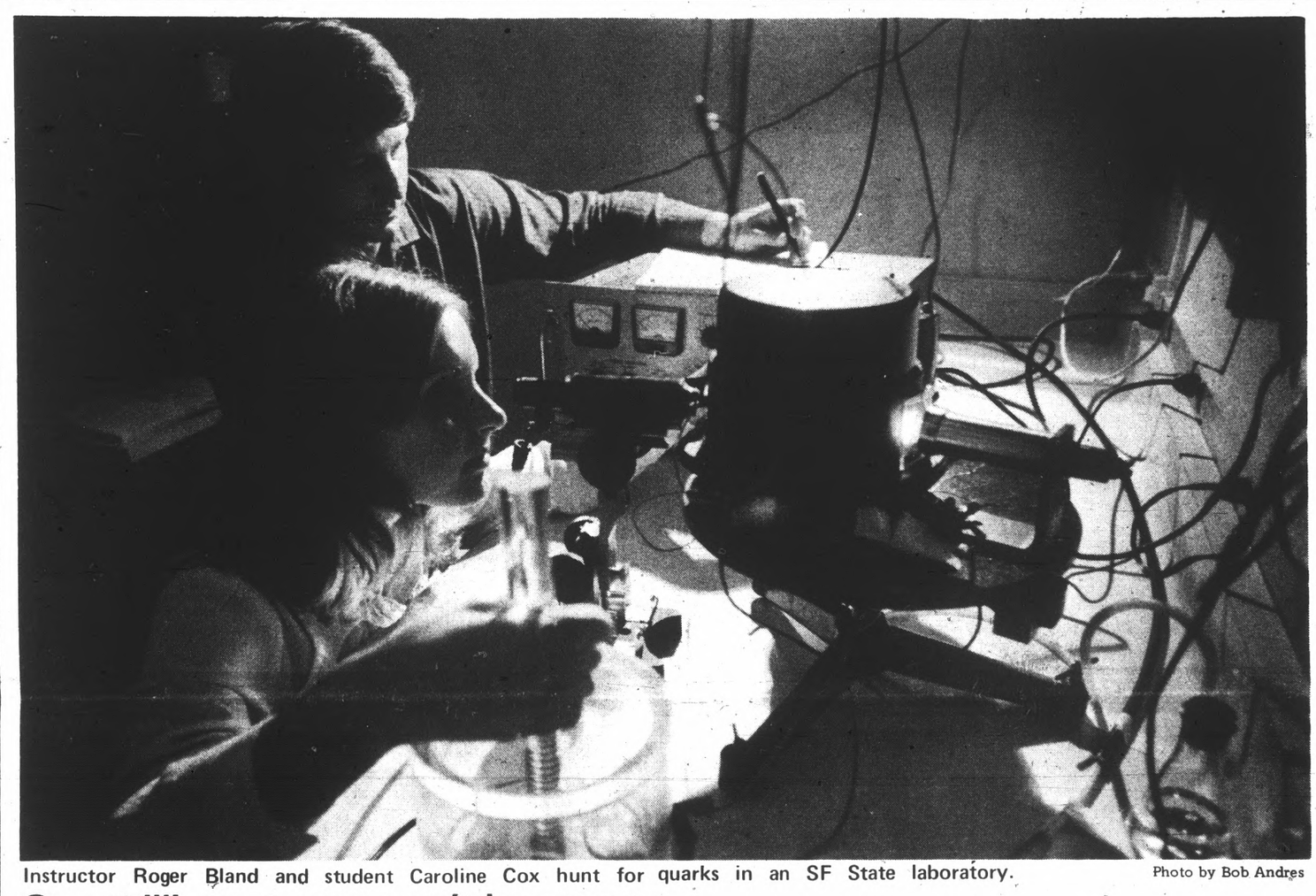

Instructor Roger Bland and student Caroline Cox hunt for quarks in an SF State laboratory. Photo by Bob Andres

One trillion atoms can't be wrong

Stalking the wild quark

by Russell Pike

Four SF State physics researchers have searched one trillion tungsten atoms for free quarks, but were not able to find any.

Quarks are the subparticles which, according to theory, make up subatomic particles such as the neutron and proton.

Quarks were first hypothesized in 1965 by American physicist, Murray Gell-Mann, who chose the name from a reference by James Joyce in "Finnegan's Wake."

A Stanford research group led by William Fairbank reported in April the discovery of a free quark. Quarks are normally tightly bound within the nucleus of the atom and a free quark had never before been reported.

Roger Bland and Jeff Royer, both teachers in the Physics and Astronomy department here, and graduate students Masatoshi Eubank and Dean Bocobo conducted the experiment.

"If we had confirmed Fairbank's results, it would have been epoch-making," Royer said.

That the group discovered no free quarks "says puzzling things about Fairbank's (work)" according to Earl Friesen, assistant professor of Physics. here.

Bland and Royer were cautious about assessing Fairbank's results. "This does not discredit Fairbank," Royer said.

The experiment was designed to look for a sign of a free quark, which is one not tightly held within the nucleus of the atom. It would have an electrical charge equivalent to one-third or two-thirds of a unit charge.

A charge on an electron is defined as a one unit charge.

All subatomic particles found so far have charges in units of one or more.

A particle of tungsten, the heavy metal used in light bulb filaments, is formed when an electric spark arcs between two strips of tungsten.

The particle is forced through a small hole, into a space between two horizontal, electrically charged plates. The electric field is adjusted until the particle is suspended between the plates.

In order to balance the particle between the plates, the electrical force and the gravitational force on the particle must be measured. From this information, the charge on the particle can be mathematically determined.

The group used 77 particles of tungsten in the experiment. Their combined weight was three tenths of one nanogram, which is so small that 330 billion groups of particles of the weight would equal one gram. One gram is equal to .035 ounces.

Bland said the experiment took a month and a half. Fairbank's experiment took twelve years, he said.

Bland said all equipment used in the experiment was already in stock in the Physics building.

Clarence Rainwater, chairperson of the Physics Department, said the experiment was "ingenious." In physics experiments, he said, "the simpler the better."

Dean Bocobo has left the group, and Solange Wagner, Barbara Foley and Caroline Cox, all physics students, have joined.

"It's ideal they're utilizing students," Rainwater said. "After all, that's the purpose of the department."

The group is continuing its work this semester using other heavy metals. They are now using gold and hope to use moon rocks and manganese nodules from the sea floor, Bland said.

Plus-minus: $46,000 away

by L.A. Brewer

There are no current plans to institute a plus/minus grading system at SF State due to its high cost, according to Julian Randolph, chairperson of the Academic Senate's Academic Policies Committee.

Randolph said a faculty poll conducted last year indicated strong support for plus/minus grading and prompted the committee to propose adoption of the system.

President Paul F. Romberg approved the idea "in principle," according to a January, 1977, letter sent to the committee, but indicated it "cannot be considered any earlier than fall 1978" because of the prohibitive costs. The plans were then shelved.

The estimated cost was $46,000, according to Information Systems and Analysis Director Ward Sangren. This figure was based on computations by the Computer Center and Director of Admissions and Records, Charles A. Stone.

Chico State University recently switched to plus/minus grading and planned to spend only $5,000 to $6,000. Actual figures for the transition are not yet available, said Sangren.

"We contacted them a few weeks ago and it was too early for them to have evaluated their experience," he said.

Because most of Chico State's records are already computerized, expenditures on new personnel would be minimal there. Most of the projected cost at SF State was earmarked for clerical support for Admissions and Records, which accounts for the higher cost.

Randolph said he would contact Chico State again in a few weeks. Then the Academic Senate will review the situation and try to get the switch approved for SF State, he said.

Sangren said he doesn't know where the money to establish the system would come from. "It's not a simple situation. There is potential for augmenting the budgets of Admissions and Records or the Computer Center in order to do this. Or other things (within those departments) might be sacrificed or delayed."

Stone said he feels student-initiated grade changes would increase with plus/minus grading, creating more paperwork and requiring more money.

"A student might not be able to convince a professor to change a grade from a B to an A but he might be able to get a B changed to a B-plus," he said.

Randolph disagreed. "I personally feel it would reduce to a minimum the number of grade changes," he said. "Right now we have no way of distinguishing anything. Everyone is lumped together. There is no room for any fine distinctions." He feels plus/minus grades would be more just, with fewer changes necessary.

Music instructor Eileen Soskin agreed. "It's ridiculous that we don't have plus/minus grading," she said. "Grades are labels that don't reflect what they should. As it stands, the educational system doesn't appreciate individual differences."

Budget solution: a tuition hike

by Eric Newton

Tuition may rise $10 per year to solve the problem of Instructionally Related activity (IR) funding.

SF State students now help fund IR through the $10 per semester Associated Students (AS) fee. Last year, one-third of IR money came from the state.

The AS officers eliminated IR funding from this year's budget except for $20,000 for athletic insurance.

IR programs include intercollegiate athletics, forensics, creative arts productions, ethnic studies, the Model United Nations and campus literary magazines.

The Chancellor's Office of the California University and College (CSUC) system set up a task force two years ago to find an alternative to yearly budget battles over IR funding.

The task force drew up a two-part plan which must pass the state legislature in bill form before becoming law. Part A, detailing the AS budget formulation process, was approved by the CSUC Student Presidents Association (SPA) at an August meeting.

Part B, which would add the $10 fee, was rejected at that meeting by a close vote because SPA members were afraid the fee could later be raised by administrators, said Scott Plotkin, SPA lobbyist in Sacramento.

SPA approval of the proposal, though not necessary, could help passage of the bill. The College Presidents' Association has already approved both parts of the plan.

Plotkin said a compromise amendment may be added to the plan, giving students at each campus control over the IR fee by vote.

At an SPA meeting Monday, Sept. 26, student presidents voted to approve a fee increase with amendments to be decided in October.

Thabiti Mtambuzi, SF State AS president, did not attend Monday's meeting and refused to comment on the matter.

With the added fee, student governments would not draft the IR budget.

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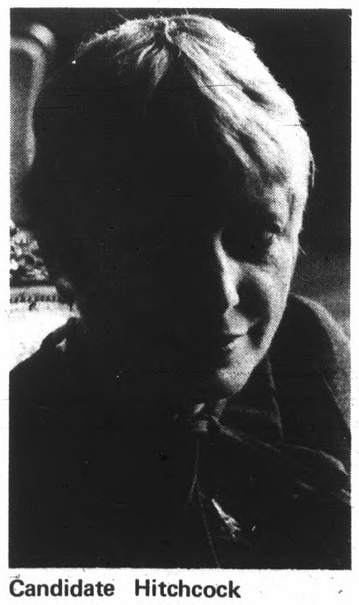

Candidate Hitchcock

by Lynn Carey

She doesn't hide the fact that her biggest claim to fame is that she allegedly slept with John F. Kennedy, but Joan Hitchcock wishes people would start thinking of her more as a politician than a socialite.

Hitchcock, 43, is a write-in candidate for supervisor in District 2 (Pacific Heights, Marina). This is the second time she has run.

Hitchcock has progressed from living in a trailer in Venice, Calif. to a 20-room mansion in Pacific Heights. She has also gone through four husbands. Her last husband was Peter Hitchcock, a playboy polo player.

"You always keep the name of the most affluent husband, otherwise people won't know who you are," she said. Peter Hitchcock died shortly after their divorce seven years ago.

The Hitchcocks often entertained political figures. Hitchcock still gives parties for politicians, whether or not she supports their views.

"I respect a person's right to pursue public office, whether they are qualified or not," she said. "It is not a very gratifying job, when you have to have a policeman outside all the time because of bomb threats and the like. Anyone who runs for this office is taking a great chance."

Hitchcock said she is running as a write-in candidate because Proposition T requires voters to cast ballots only for supervisors who live in their district. Her original petition was invalid because many people who signed it lived in the wrong district.

"Because of Proposition T, it will be a confusing election," she said. "Proposition T never should have gone through. It was a disaster. It's much harder to run in just your own district, than for the whole city.

"It's hard to take a position on things when you're just running in your own district. This area probably has the least amount of problems."

Hitchcock's campaign posters describe her as "A Breath of Fresh Air."

"We need more excitement in city hall. We need new people, more new ideas. It's time for a change. You can't have the same people year after year. Any job you have that long has got to be a little dull."

Hitchcock said her main reason for running is she wants to help improve the city. "And I can't do it sitting here."

One of Hitchcock's main concerns is rent control. "I think all leases should have escalation clauses, stating whether the rent will go up when the taxes do.

"I also think people who commit victimless crimes should be given citations, instead of being immediately

Continued on Page 7, Column 1

Photo by Bob Andres

by Karen Houser

Last June, the SF State Student Union contracted with the American Sign & Indicator Corporation for the purchase of an electronic message board.

The price: $22,987.49 including a $1,402.99 installation fee.

In September, a Student Union budget deficit of $150,000 was discovered. The Student Union Governing Board is now considering an increase in student fees to offset this deficit.

Lou Bauer, Student Union director, said if the $23,000 had not been spent on the message board, the Student Union Governing Board could have decided to apply the money to the deficit.

Called the Great Electric Telegraph, the computerized board resembles the BART station signs that flash the destinations of departing trains.

Samantha Graff, assistant director of programs and services claims that using the message board instead of advertising in campus papers will save the Student Union $4,000 a year. Her figures are based on a comparison of Student Union advertising budget requests prior to, and after, ordering the sign.

However, in previous years, AS budget requests have been higher than the actual monies received.

At this rate of savings, Graff said, the sign will pay for itself in six years.

Campus organizations publicizing on-campus events can use the Electric Telegraph free of charge. Paid ads will be solicited from concessions in the Student Union to raise money to cover sign maintenance.

The American Sign & Indicator Corporation requires the school carry a maintenance contract on the sign. There is no charge for the first year of the contract, but maintenance costs will be $168.71 per month starting October, 1978. The maintenance contract covers routine checks on the sign and on-call trouble-shooting. All necessary labor and parts are provided.

Phoenix contacted several businesses in the Union and found they were not sure whether they would pay to advertise on the electronic sign.

According to Bauer, if the contract amount cannot be raised from ad revenues from concessions in the Student Union, commercial ad space may be offered to off-campus concerns. Ad rates have not been established.

If maintenance costs cannot be covered with ad funds, "then it will have to come from the operating budget," said Bauer. "But, it hasn't been budgeted."

The Great Electric Telegraph is being programmed by Graff until a standardized system is developed. Later, a member of the Student Union office staff or a paid student will program the board.

The Student Union Governing Board approved the purchase of the message board in March, 1977.

Five sign companies met the stipulated sign specifications and submitted work bids. The board accepted the lowest bid, by the American Sign & Indicator Corporation.

In March, 1977, "we essentially did not know we had a financial problem for this year," said Bauer.

When the deficit was discovered, leasing and lease-purchase arrangements were investigated, but these cost "substantially more" than purchasing the sign, said Bauer.

The purchase was made when the board decided, "OK, we're contracted. Let's just go ahead and bite the bullet and get it over with," said Bauer.

Students get legal advice and a day in court for $15

by Frank D. Inferrera

SF State students who need representation in court can employ a senior law student for $15.

This semester, SF State's Legal Referral Center is sending students to the Legal Assistance Clinic of the Hastings Law School in San Francisco. Third year law students will represent clients in court under the license of the clinic's director, Hastings professor James Nielsen.

Nielsen is present at all court proceedings to supervise.

"Students are lousy clients for a private lawyer," he said. They are tied up with school and haven't the time to arrange a legal defense in such matters as landlord-tenant disputes, he said.

According to Roger Levin of the Legal Referral Center, students will be sent to the clinic only if their problems cannot be handled through the Center's usual services, such as advising or a session with the Center's lawyer, David Fielding.

The clinic provides defense representation in landlord matters, divorces, annulments, child custody, contract disputes, bankruptcy, and other cases.

The clinic does not take cases involving litigation (such as personal injury suits) or cases which can be handled by the public defender. It will provide emergency help in any case, Nielsen said.

After being referred to the clinic, students must pay $5 for an initial consultation. If more work is required the maximum additional charge is $10.

Students must pay court filing fees, such as $44 for a dissolution, Levin said. But he said normal legal fees are higher.

The clinic is an "academic function of Hastings" designed to provide legal services and give law students an opportunity to handle actual court cases, Nielsen said.

A lawyer must be with the law students during the entire proceeding. The law students and the supervising lawyers can be sued for malpractice.

The first school taking part in the program was the University of California Medical Center in 1975. Other participating schools are City College of San Francisco and the University of the Pacific School of Dentistry.

Nielsen first contacted the Legal Referral Center in June and Associated Students President Thabiti Mtambuzi approved the program Sept. 19.

"We're doing something worthwhile," Nielsen said. In legal actions, the clinic has arranged the return of $18,000 to students at the UC Medical Center so far, he said.

Stonestown garage

A lot of spaces but it's no relief

by JoAnne Melody

Parking problems are as bad as ever at SF State, and new parking areas in nearby Stonestown shopping center won't help the situation.

While sympathetic to student parking problems, Stonestown and University Police have residents and shoppers in the area to contend with.

The new Bullock's building in Stonestown, scheduled for a November opening, will provide free parking for its customers in its five-level garage, but students will not be allowed to park there.

Idamay Brewster, spokeswoman for the Stonestown Development Corporation, said, "Students must be realistic about how they are going to get to school. There is not sufficient parking for the numbers of cars at SF State."

Stonestown prohibits parking by students attending classes.

"Stonestown and SF State have been good neighbors and we've had good rapport, but we can no longer absorb the overflow of SF State students. Stonestown shoppers call to complain they have to drive around for 30 minutes looking for parking spaces.

"We have a charter with the city, guaranteeing so many parking spaces," she said. "We have to comply. Unfortunately, we'll be towing more cars this year. We have no choice."

According to Brewster, violators are charged $25 plus $4 a day storage when their cars are towed. Parking tickets usually cost $10 on campus and $5 in Parkmerced.

The four-story public garage near Verducci Hall has room for 2,600 cars. There are also overflow parking spaces, according to Donald C. Stewart, University Police deputy chief.

A new parking area, lot 11 (formerly the Frederic Burk School play yard) is open to faculty, staff members and 50 dormitory residents for $15 per semester. Applications are available through department chairpersons.

Although Brewster and J. Dean Parnell, campus planner and building coordinator, tried to have the frequency of the Muni Railway's "M" car increased, there has been no change in scheduling.

One answer to the parking problem may be car pooling. Computer Ride Guide cards were mailed to each student with their class admit cards. Ride Guide data is now available to students, according to the Campus Development office.

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INSIGHT

Why show business is no business at SF State

by Lorna Stuckgold

Big-name performers and speakers avoid SF State because there's no room, money or time available for them.

The lack of adequate facilities places a severe limitation on entertainment at SF State, according to campus events schedulers.

"The university does not lend itself to large-scale productions. Activities are governed by the size of the facilities available on campus," said E. Thomas of SF State's University Productions (UP).

UP, an Associated Students program, organizes entertainment events on campus.

McKenna Theater, SF State's largest facility for the performing arts, holds a capacity of 770 persons. But off-campus performers find it difficult to book the theater because School of Creative Arts performances are given priority. These performances are not scheduled until the beginning of the academic year.

Under AS policies, UP must submit a report during the summer of planned events and proposed expenditures for review and approval.

Due to the conflict of priorities, UP cannot be given guaranteed dates to schedule events for the upcoming year.

"You can't book a touring group on a tentative schedule," said Bob Turner, Student Union program director. "If the scheduled event is preempted for another event, you lose a lot of time and money spent in publicity and arrangements.

"UP may be able to book the facility for an event but not for rehearsals which are equally important to performers.

"This is a really hard campus to program on. It greatly needs a large theater."

Zellerbach Hall, located on the UC Berkeley campus, is often sought by touring performers and lecturers. The hall holds 2,100 people and is available only to a UC Berkeley scheduling group -- the equivalent of SF State's UP.

"We are fairly well-respected as a promoting agency. People often contact us because they want to use the facility," said Rick Berman, chairperson of UC Berkeley's SUPERB Productions (Student Union Program Entertainment and Recreation Board).

SUPERB is a volunteer organization with an estimated membership of 100 students. Students are required to work five hours a week for six weeks to obtain membership status and voting privileges, according to Berman.

The organization is comprised of various committees, each with a focus on a different facet of productions, such as films, concerts, lectures, recreation, theater, dance, and use of the Cabaret (similar to SF State's Student Union Barbary Coast).

According to SF State's Turner, UP was originally set up in a similar manner, but on a much smaller scale. Six members comprised the UP board, with each member working within his or her area of expertise.

"We have a responsibility to provide entertainment for the students," said Berman. "We do not have a responsibility of consistently taking a loss. The limit of what is spent is based upon what we can lose."

According to Berman, the UC Berkeley administration has "no say in who SUPERB presents on the Berkeley campus.

"The university could voice opposition, but it's inconceivable they would do so unless it was something dangerous."

SF State's AS has final say in UP proposals. Administration interaction would occur only if the speaker was "extremely controversial," according to Roy Miller of the university Office of Public Affairs.

In addition, AS financial policies state that, "Any and all speakers receiving honoraria of $151 or more shall be approved by the (AS) Board of Directors at least ten working days before any publicity or contractual arrangements are made."

Events proposed during the school year must also be approved by the AS. If additional funds are requested, the proposal is taken to the Finance Committee for review and to the AS Legislature for approval.

"The organization may not get the total amount they asked for, but they generally get something," said Ayo Burles, sophomore representative in the legislature.

These additional funds are taken from AS reserves. Reserve funds are generally set aside for organizations, campus-wide programs, and special culturally-related events, according to Burles.

Photo by Bob Andres

While big name speakers go elsewhere, SF State events fail to spark student interest.

However, Burles said the AS does not normally keep a large reserve fund available for such purposes.

Eighty percent of all money earned after expenses from an event is kept by the sponsoring organization. The remaining 20 percent is given back to the AS.

Burles said most organizations don't ordinarily make money on events.

"It is a general policy that the $10 student activity fee which funds the AS entitles students to all events," he said. Film and dance are exceptions and admission may be charged, he said, but other events are usually free.

Therefore, the AS, unlike SUPERB and College of Marin's Public Events, does not generate much revenue through entertainment. These organizations usually charge admission fees for events.

"Our money is continually circulating," said Kathryn Barcos, Public Events Assistant of the College of Marin.

Barcos estimates an average of $1,000 is spent per speaker, ranging from $500 to $3000. Initial funds are derived from taxpayer money.

Proposals for the College of Marin are evaluated by a series of boards, which determine value of the program. The first body, the Community Education Board, does not include an AS representative.

"Speakers are determined primarily by who is beneficial to the community," Barcos said.

In the past, the cancelled engagement of speaker John Dean caused some controversy on the part of the students.

"He (Dean) wanted something like $3,500," Barcos said.

"The students heard it was cancelled because he was a controversial figure. It was actually a matter of his public status as opposed to the beneficial aspects of what he had to say."

Monetary value has also caused speculation on the presentation of Henry Kissinger at the College of Marin, according to Barcos.

"Henry Kissinger wants $8,000 to speak for something like three hours. We would probably make money on it, but the figure $8,000 doesn't sound right."

SUPERB Productions is completely funded by the UC Berkeley Student Union. They too, operate with rotating funds.

"We begin the year with about $20,000 in front money," said Berman.

"Each committee has a certain amount it can spend. Committees may borrow funds from other committees within the organization. At the end of the year, the various budgets are compiled as a unit."

Proceeds from SUPERB Productions and the annual Berkeley Jazz Festival are given to campus minority aid programs and the Student Union "to do with whatever they please," said Berman.

"We try to be as diversified as possible while sticking within our budget," he said. "Last year we didn't come close to the $20,000 budget."

At SF State, $40,347 has been proposed as the 1977-1978 UP budget.

"Last year a speaker (black leader Nathan Hare) was paid $1,000 and was met with poor attendance," Turner said. The reason was "poor publicity," he said.

"The concert with the most draw was a free concert with the University Concert Band. We need a director with an eye for this," he said.

"I think this makes a definite statement about a need for a change."

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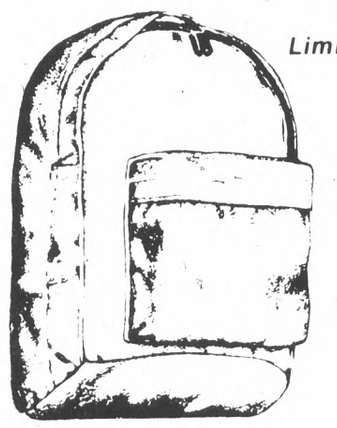

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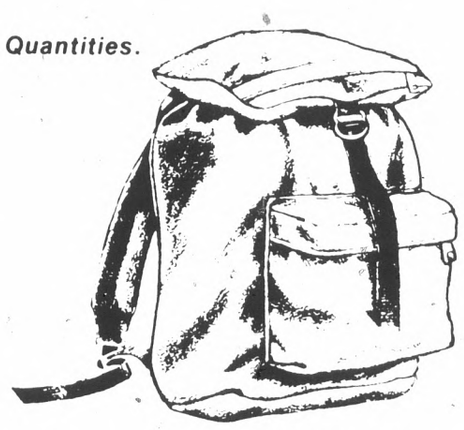

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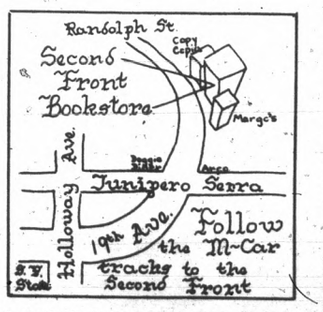

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Thurs., Fri., Sept. 29-30

"STAY HUNGRY" (R)
Jeff Bridges, Sally Fields, Arnold Schwarzenegger

"FRIENDS" (R)
Soundtrack by Elton John

"Hungry": Once only, at 8:51/"Friends": 7:00, 10:44

Saturday, Sunday, October 1-2

"EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC"
Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, Linda Blair, Max von Sydow
(R)

"ROSEMARY'S BABY" (R)
Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes

"Exorcist II": Twice only, at 4:10, 8:45/"Baby": 1:40, 6:13, 10:45

Tuesday—Sunday, October 4-9

Academy Award Winning...
"ROCKY" (PG)
Sylvester Stallone

"LAST AMERICAN HERO" (PG)
Jeff Bridges, Valerie Perrine

Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri.: "Rocky": 6:30, 10:30. "Hero": Once only at 8:45
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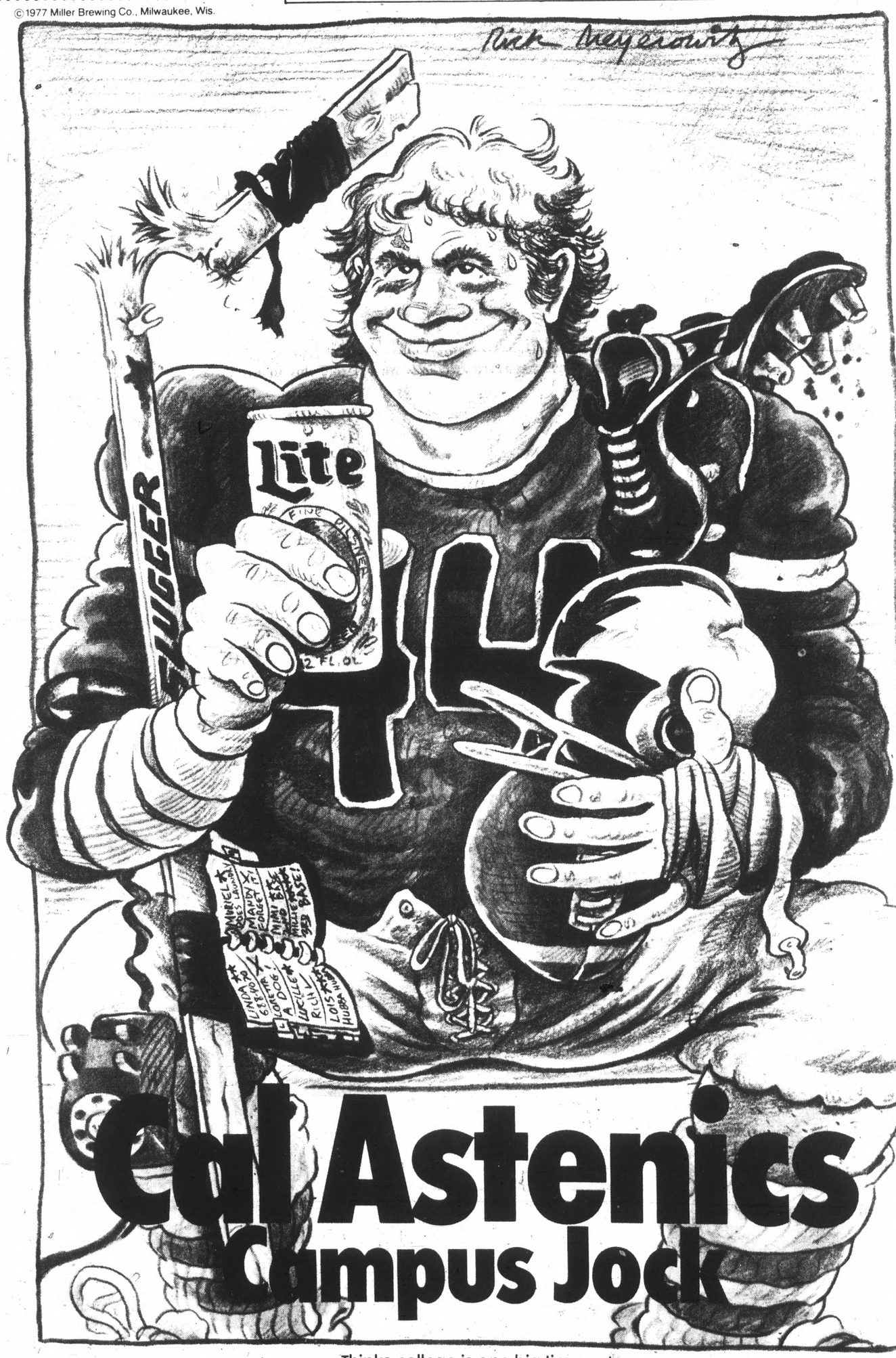

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Once managed to drop 7 passes and 3 courses in same day.
Cal drinks Lite Beer from Miller because it's less filling.
With his schedule he can't afford to get filled up.
Today he has to be in two places at once.
Insists on playing center and quarterback.
Spends spare time going to class.

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Safety light	$1.95	$ .99
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Adjust brakes, derailleurs, all bearings
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OPINIONS

Electronic waste

The Student Union just spent $22,000 of student money for an electronic bulletin board above the building's main entrance called "The Great Electric Telegraph."

Union management says this will be a big moneysaver, but careless planning and the telegraph's inefficiency punch several holes in that claim.

The Union can cut the portion of its advertising budget slated for newspaper ads from $6,000 to $2,000 by using the telegraph, according to Samantha Graff, assistant Student Union director. She says this savings will allow the telegraph to pay for itself in five to six years.

This hardly seems feasible, for physical reasons if no other. For example:

The board can display no more than 15 characters at a time. And since a long announcement requires a viewer's undivided attention for several minutes, it is most unlikely the board will attract many advertisers.

Therefore Graff's claim that the telegraph will reduce the Union's advertising budget by two-thirds is unrealistic.

"The Student Union management did not (legally) lock itself into a permanent reduction in advertising expense," said Deacon Butterworth, a Student Union Governing Board member. "There's nothing to keep them from letting the (advertising) figure go up again."

Monthly maintenance costs of $200 will be covered by paid advertising from Union food concessions, Graff said. But it is not mandatory for Union restaurants to advertise on the telegraph.

Graff said she reached an informal verbal agreement with restaurant managers whereby each would advertise one day a week -- at about $15 per day.

But there's a wide range of disagreement toward this idea.

SAGA Foods manager Don Lander said, "If it's not effective (in increasing sales), we're not going to use it."

Union Depot manager Mary O'Brien said, "We don't need the advertising. We won't be using it."

One concessionaire called the telegraph "laughable" and expressed anger at being urged to use it.

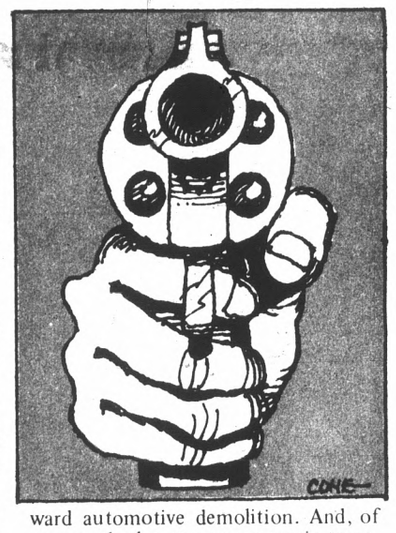
Obviously, there's no guarantee the monthly maintenance charge will be paid without dipping into the Union's operations till.

Financing for the purchase price of the telegraph came from a $70,000 reserve fund designated to cover Student Union operating expenses during the slack summer months. Now, only $48,000 remains in the fund.

It's shameful to spend any part of student fees on expensive toys at a time when the Student Union Director is suggesting a fee increase to cover a projected $150,000 budget deficit.

Gun control won't end the shooting

by L. A. Craig



The San Francisco Police Department recently reported that increasing numbers of high school students are being found with hand guns in their possession.

It's horrifying information like this that sends the proponents of gun control into a frenzy of shouts for immediate legislation. But their shouting is just so much noise.

To suggest that gun control will be a titanic boon to crime prevention is like blaming the automobile for the drunken driver. After all, a gun is a tool like any other. It's only as deadly as the motivation behind the trigger.

What gun control advocates fail to realize is this: the kids with the guns grew up surrounded by crime-dramas, war toys, and Kung Fu. They are a bang-bang generation and violence is their heritage.

These are children who are exposed to more media killing that living. They are better schooled in the methods of homicide than they are in the value of human life.

It isn't the availability of hand guns that has caused this situation. It's the availability of models that encourage destructive behavior.

And it is the kids who are the victims.

At the trial of a 15-year-old accused killer in Los Angeles, actor Telly Savalas was called on to testify for the defense. The defendant's lawyer maintained he had imitated something he had seen on television. Savalas was there to lend credence to that possibility.

This has become a common defense in such cases and the actor's testimony concerning the violent nature of many TV cop shows seems wholly valid.

The current trend in movies is toward automotive demolition. And, of course, the latest teenage music craze, Punk Rock, graphically elucidates on such morbid topics as death and disfigurement.

With so many other factors present, we can easily see that the immediate enactment of gun control laws would have the same effect on today's crime rate as Prohibition did on alcoholism in the 1920's. The Prohibition amendment did not address the cause of the problem.

Perhaps the most sensible comment on the gun control issue was made by San Francisco Police Chief Charles Gain.

"Before we enact gun control laws," he said, "we must first make sure that private citizens are assured of their personal safety. That could take between 30 and 50 years."

With this time element in mind, we should table the issue of gun control and direct our efforts toward bringing an end to the social corruption that is the real cause of crime and violence.

PHOENIX
1977

Phoenix is a weekly laboratory newspaper published during the school year by the Department of Journalism, San Francisco State University. The official opinions of the Phoenix *editorial board are expressed in the unsigned editorials. The editorial content does not necessarily reflect the policies or opinions of the Department of Journalism or the university administration.*

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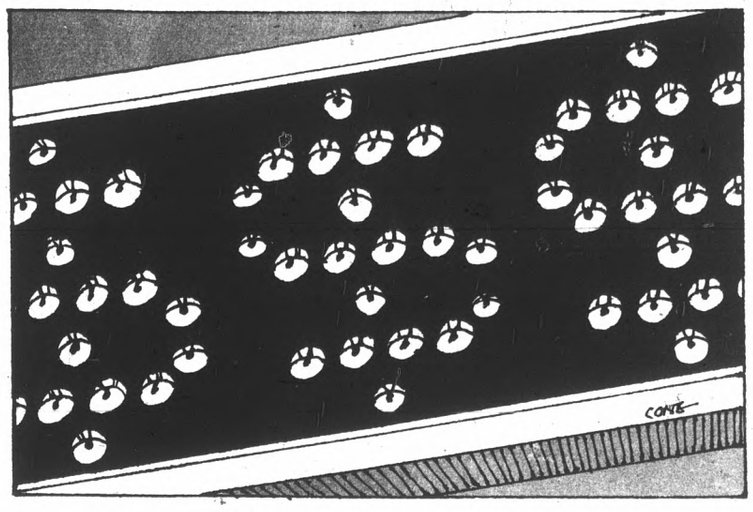

Student fees go up in lights

Media speared Lance

by Kenneth B. Perlmutter

The U.S. media pursued and won Bert Lance's resignation.

Media kingpins saw Lance as the 1977 candidate for the public roasting many of the Watergaters eluded. They painted a profile of Lance that cast suspicion on his integrity by weaving innuendo and allegation into news columns. Lance had already been reviewed by both houses of congress and still remains unindicted.

The Lance issue got underway through a comptroller's report on what Newsweek magazine termed "Lance's tangled financial dealings." The major issue was the Calhoun Bank overdrafts.

They were perpetrated by Lance. At that time there was no proof of illegality in his dealings. But the media jumped all over the issue.

Newspapers that never were considered papers of record ran the entire transcript of Lance's testimony. Reporters generated additional stories by questioning officials on all levels for their views on the case.

As early as Sept. 8, Wall Street Journal reporters wrote, "interestingly, no one has speculated as to Lance's successor yet," a clever way of starting another set of Lance-related articles.

Much of Lance's alleged guilt or malfeasance lay in the code of banking enforced in the U.S. today. But the media conveniently failed to point out the distinction between unethical conduct and illegal practice. Lance's actions were in accordance with many present banking procedures. Yet, the media encouraged an aura of conspiracy and a determination of guilt.

While the resignation will take a load off Jimmy Carter's mind, it still comes as a result of unfair and overblown press attention.

Vietnam remembered: -- a sailor's story

by Jude Novi

The Republic of Vietnam was admitted to the United Nations last week. One student reflects on a naval engagement he participated in there.

In the first place, I felt stupid not having any bullets in my gun.

When I told this to Lt. Donahue though, he seemed too busy shuffling through his paperwork to look up at me. He was one of those young officers who actually enjoyed being on a ship off the coast of Vietnam.

"Look, this is a hospital ship," he told me, "so nobody's ever climbed the anchor chain to attack us before. It's against the rules for them to do that, just like it's against the rules for us to have bullets."

"But then how come I have to guard the anchor chain?" I said.

"Look, it's in the regulations, so let's not get technical," he said. "In this heat, it's not amusing. Now here's your .45. Without bullets. Dismissed."

At 3 a.m. I first saw the enemy.

I was peering over the side of the ship, admiring the looping length of that anchor chain as it stretched 50 yards toward the water. Then I spotted him. A little brown man who'd just climbed out of a boat was clinging to those first few links of chain.

"Hey, get off!" I shouted. "You're not supposed to be here!"

But he just kept inching his way upwards, craning his neck to look at me. I figured he was an upset Vietnamese fisherman whose nets had gotten squashed by our ship. Now he was looking for someone to holler at.

"Go away," I said. "I have a gun. Shoot. Big noise."

It occured to me to heave back and throw the gun in his direction. But then I thought of Lt. Donahue, and of how the next day he would mutter that that had been a terribly non-regulation thing to do. Besides, my attacker was still a good 35 yards away -- not a very good target.

I knew that I shouldn't plan on being there to greet this guy with a handshake when he came over the top. I ran down to the next level, to notify the Officer of the Deck. He's the fellow who stands the brow watch, saluting people as they come aboard off a staircase that leads toward the water.

"Chief!" I yelled. "There's somebody attacking the ship!"

Chief Petty Officer Gump was one of those paunchy career men who would just as soon sleep as tie a granny knot. Now he was leaning on his podium, nursing a cup of hot cocoa. When I told him what was happening, he offered me a quiet look of pain.

"Well," Chief Gump took another sip of cocoa. "I remember the same thing happened off the coast of Korea in 1951. Or was it '52? Anyway, there's only one answer to the problem. Let's go take a look."

He eased himself off the railing, and I followed him up the steps. When we looked over the side, we could see that our visitor was now only 20 yards away.

"Okay, now let's unwind the fire hose. That's it, take it off the wall," Chief Gump said. He seemed rather bored by the whole matter, as he watched me. "Good. Now bring the nozzle over here. Turn on the water. Let it build up pressure."

But then it occured to me, as we aimed at our target, the whole thing was a little bit of a shame. I mean, the guy had actually made it two-thirds of the way up our chain, and although he still seemed angry, he was doing a beautiful balancing act.

The water pressure was built up, though, so I shrugged and pulled back the release clamp.

A beautiful gush of white water arced out into the darkness and the water sloshed into the fisherman head-on as he disappeared beneath the geyser.

He never made a sound. When we spotted him again, he looked like a glittering comet, flying outwards, then down, down. He hit the water with a smack, came up sputtering, shaking his fist at us. In a moment he was aboard his own boat.

"Well, there he goes," I said. "Hey, wait'll I tell this to people back home. It'll be great!"

"Not really," the chief muttered. "Telling old war stories is a lot like bending over to show old war wounds; you never really know just how much your audience is going to be interested."

Nonetheless, as I gazed into the murky gloom for the rest of my watch that morning, I stood just a little bit taller than usual. After all, it's not every day that a sailor on a hospital ship gets to defend his country.

A couple of times I even imagined that my gun was cocked, ready and loaded to the hilt.

LETTERS

Nazi threat

Editor:

The editorial by Rick Aschieris in last week's Phoenix, in which he defends the "free speech" of Nazis, is politically ignorant. The Nazis are not a "fringe group of fools." Backed by big business money, they have chapters in every major U.S. city and have received thousands of votes in Chicago municipal elections.

In this time of depression, more and more people are turning away from Establishment politics. The Nazis take advantage of this, exactly like Hitler. And like Hitler, they will end up attacking the trade unions, destroying free speech, and banning Left-wing political parties.

The ACLU is nothing but liberal Nazis. In the 1950s the ACLU secretly fed information about its own members to the FBI, expecially suspected Communists.

ACLU openly supports Nazis and secretly attacks the Leftists. Rick Aschieris should wise up. Nazis don't have a right to "free speech," and no one should support an ACLU that defends Nazis.

Gene Zbikowski

Advising process needs overhaul

by Merrilee Morrow

Too many students aren't getting the kind of personalized advising they're entitled to.

"Many students are denied graduation for deficiencies which could be rectified if they were made aware of them in their junior year," according to an Academic Advising checklist.

The administration is obliged to make sure all students have easy access to services they are paying for with their student services fee.

Students are entitled to more than a stack of mimeographed advising sheets and a big pink catalogue.

In many departments new students are expected to find their own advisors. This process is made more difficult since each department chooses its own method of advising. There is no general plan to coordinate all academic advising.

Students should be free to consult whomever they choose. But, this haphazard method of "getting the word out" is an excellent way to add an extra semester to a transfer student's college career.

The new student must wade through an avalanche of forms, class offerings and a 608-page bulletin. There is no easy way to find out which classes in the bulletin correspond to community college courses on the advanced standing evaluation.

Advising days in May and December are supposed to clear up these kinds of questions. Florence Schwartz, coordinator of university program advising admits the experience can be "overwhelming," particularly to students just out of high school.

Many departments don't keep records for their undergraduates. One biology student complained that her advisor "never looked at the total picture." She added, "I wouldn't have any problems if I had a counselor who knew my records and career plans."

A folder entitled the "Academic Progress Record" is available to all students. It is a simple way to keep track of courses taken and requirements that haven't been met.

But these folders aren't sent to students. They are only available through individual counselors or Academic Advising Services.

Some departments have the advising game under control. The Music Department sends letters to new students outlining advising procedures and what to expect during orientation. An academic record is kept on each student and advisors are assigned.

Advising in other departments is lacking. An English instructor and graduate of SF State described the advising she received as "worthless," with a "take anything you want" approach. Her best advice came from other students.

There is also a tendency for students to go to a counselor only when it is absolutely necessary -- e.g. for the required signature on a graduation application.

Recently, the value of a college education has come under attack from educators and officials in government. Governor Brown has cut funds to the college system. Personalized advising could help the student get the most benefit from a college education.

Tribute to Elvis

The last song

by Mike Habeeb

Elvis Presley died of heart failure at the age of 42.

Since then articles commemorating Elvis have flooded publications.

But there's room for one more Elvis song.

I was still in diapers when, in 1956, Elvis Presley recorded his first song, "Heartbreak Hotel," drew a record-breaking audience on the Ed Sullivan Show, and began work on his first movie.

From 1956 through 1966 Elvis was phenomenally successful in both the music and movie worlds. In that decade he recorded 43 of the 14 number one hits of his career and completed more than twenty movies.

I was eleven in 1966, hardly old enough to be a music critic or to appreciate Elvis's effect on popular music.

Nevertheless, I watched television and in the late 60s his movies showed up on television frequently.

I'd sit transfixed when Elvis appeared on TV and imagine myself as that untamed spirit, kissin' girls, singin' songs, winnin', always winnin'.

The movie would make me forget my problems: not being able to grow sideburns, not getting a valentine card from my best girl.

Problems like those seemed so ridiculous when I turned the wise old age of 17. But still, his movies were not ridiculous and neither were my attempts to imitate him.

That year I imitated Elvis in a talent show. There I was up on stage, my legs shaking from nervousness. The music began and so did I as I shook my hips, clapped my hands, and somehow made my top lip quiver. I really couldn't understand why I was moving like that.

I did understand, though, that I could now mimic Elvis the singer, so I sang to my girlfriend, hoping to become Elvis the lover. That illusion lasted for only a short while.

Like my illusion, Elvis's marriage to Priscilla Ann Beaulieu lasted for only a short while. After the marriage soured in 1973, seemingly, so did his life.

He lost interest in karate, in which he held a black belt, and acquired a taste for peanut butter and banana sandwiches which made him gain weight -- weight which, according to his critics, stifled his swingin' style.

I never went to an Elvis concert, although many times I planned to. But always something seemed to prevent me from going: ticket price, school, a hangnail -- any excuse to avoid seeing the Elvis I might not want to meet.

About six weeks ago, I was sitting by a pool doing nothing more than burning the top layer of my skin off, when a friend told me that Elvis had died. I didn't believe him.

What had happened was never in an Elvis script. He never died in his movies; he never lost. People in a movie never really die.

I felt his life's movie shouldn't end without a song. I was at a summer camp and I had another opportunity to be in a talent show. So I decided, now five years since my first debut as Elvis, to sing just one more of his songs.

At the end the audience clapped, and for a second or two I imagined myself as Elvis. I looked over the audience, but the movie was over. Elvis had died.

Kent state controversy: the mystery continues

by Karen Houser

Kent State University is in the news. Again.

It has been seven years since the National Guardsmen fired into a student crowd there during an anti-war protest.

Today a gymnasium complex is being built near the site of the Kent State shooting.

A new trial has been ordered in the $46 million civil rights damage suit filed by the wounded students and the parents of the four students who were shot and killed on May 4, 1970.

Supporters of the suit feel that the gym project will destroy physical evidence needed in the case. University officials say it will cost too much to stop the building.

Despite inconveniences to the construction industry, there are seven-year-old mysteries about the confrontation that must be clarified.

But two weeks ago Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart announced he will not block construction.

Four Kent State students then buried themselves in holes dug by power shovels on the project site to try to accomplish what Stewart had refused to do.

I have to shake my head and wonder if I will still be hearing about Kent State in the year 2,000.

I am a veteran of the 1970 Berkeley protests that erupted after U.S. military action in Cambodia was disclosed.

Mass meetings were held on campus. No decisions were made. No direction was decided on.

I stopped attending meetings and started going to training sessions.

Training in non-violence. If someone is about to throw a rock, hug him.

Training in draft counseling. I could not refuse to go to was because I wasn't threatened by the draft. But I could inform those who would be called of their alternatives.

I marched and assembled. We all marched and assembled. Sometimes we chose our demonstrations. Sometimes they chose us. A wrong turn taken during a walk to the store and we would be in the midst of demonstrators, police and tear gas.

We all realized how easy it was to suddenly be accidentally part of a demonstration. And on May 4, 1970, we started to realize how easy it might be to wind up dead . . .

Questions still need to be answered about that day in 1970. Why were shots fired if, as photographs seem to prove, the National Guardsmen were not in danger? Why did a National Guard spokesman claim, then later deny, that the student crowd contained a sniper?

Kent State may still be in the news in the year 2,000. If these questions aren't answered by then, the May, 1970 wound will still be open.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

Game designer fights monopoly

by Lisa Smith

Ralph Anspach, SF State's resident trustbuster, recently filed an appeal for the $10 million trademark infringement suit brought against him by Parker Bros.

The company sued because he invented a game called "Anti-Monopoly" which is "confusingly similar" to "Monopoly," according to Parker Bros. Anspach, an economics professor, had to destroy about 40,000 games at a loss of $90,000.

Despite his involvement in litigation, Anspach has found time to invent another game. "Choice," a board game with an economic theme, retails for about $10.

The game has two sets of rules—one for monopolists, the other for competitors. The two groups vie for property.

"It is the first radical innovation in a game of this sort," said Anspach. He added that since monopolists have a natural advantage, the rules have been screened by a computer to create an equal battleground for the players.

Anspach said "Choice" will create competition for "Monopoly" and in this way he will "attack 'Monopoly' directly."

If Anspach wins his appeal, he will be compensated for his losses and will be able to use the original title. The game is now being marketed under the name "Anti—The Trustbuster's Game."

"I am confident of winning," Anspach said.

He said his defense relies on historical research on the origin of "Monopoly." Anspach claimed the rights to the game are public domain—that "Monopoly" was a folk game long before Parker Bros. patented it in 1935. He claims the game was "stolen" by a con man, Charles B. Darrow, who sold it to the company as his own creation.

"I want to give the game back to the public," he said.

Anspach's attorney, Carl Person, is involved in several suits against Parker Bros. by inventors who claim their games were stolen. Creators of "Masterpiece," "Lost Gold" and "The Inventors" are suing the company.

"Parker Bros. has been engaged in a wholesale plan to abuse the federal patent, trademark and copyright laws in connection with alleged game stealing," Anspach said. "The purpose of this sweeping assault on these federal protective statutes is to monopolize the game industry."

Photo by Bob Andres

Cheap sleep for dorm residents

They may not look cheap by night, lights flaring, but the dormitories at SF State actually are a bargain. Dorm residents pay less here than at any other campus in California's state college system.

According to Chancellor's Office figures, SF State will charge an annual fee of $1,388 this year for double room rent and 19 meals per week. The other campuses charge from $1,415 to $1,565 for the same goods, the figures indicate.

Announcements

SF State's Women in Science group is establishing a scholarship in memory of Jenny Low Chang. Chang, a pre-dental student, was a member of the group. The Jenny Low Chang Scholarship will be open to any student with a major within the School of Science who will use her/his scientific training to benefit the position of women. The first award will be given in fall, 1978. We would like to raise at least $1,000 to establish this fund. Contributions can be sent to Emilie Hance, PS 323; Afy Downey, Bio 666; Maxine Goldberg, PS 934; or given to any Women in Science member. Checks should be made payable to SF State Jenny Low Chang Scholarship.

State's fall Activities Fair is coming! Fair dates and times are Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5 and 6 from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. each day on the campus main lawn. Featured will be an array of displays, entertainment, games, ethnic foods, and fun provided by some 50 student organizations and programs. Sponsored by the Student Activities Office, San Francisco State University. For further information, contact Bob Westwood, Fair Coordinator, at 469-2171.

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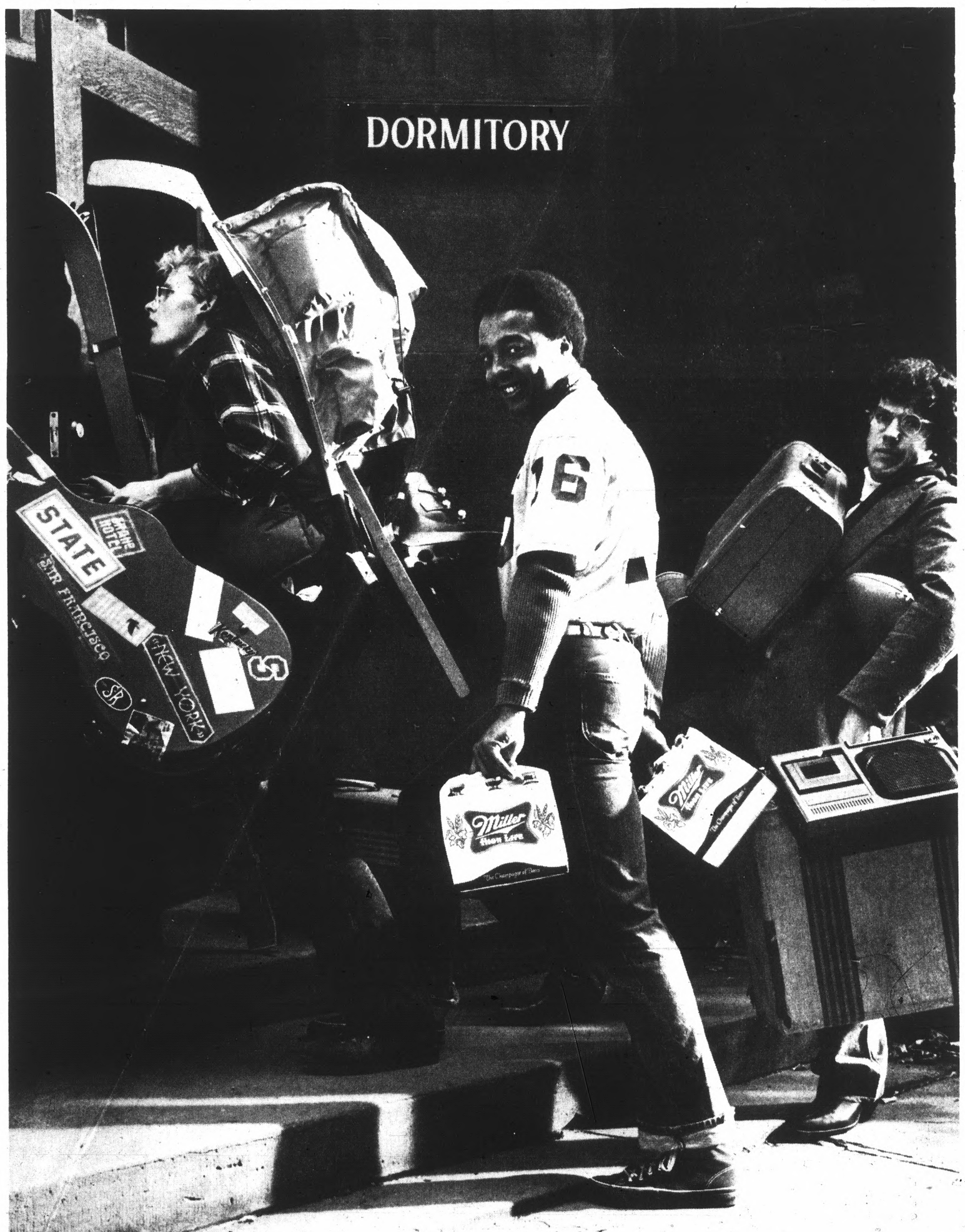

Now comes Miller time.

Miller High Life

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Labor Studies postponed

by Merrilee Morrow

The proposed Bachelor of Arts (BA) program in Labor Studies has been delayed because the plan's final draft needs "minor revisions" and updating, according to Urban G. Whitaker, director of all-university programs.

The basic plan for the major was approved by the State Board of Trustees Dec. 1, 1976.

SF State has been working jointly with California State College Dominguez Hills in establishing Labor Studies programs. Dominguez Hills recently became the first state college to approve the new BA major.

Wayne Bradley, coordinator for Labor Studies and associate professor of political science, said he hopes that SF State will become the center for Labor Studies in Northern California.

The final draft of the Labor Studies plan will include a survey of the 6,000-member Service Employees Union, local 400.

"The reaction was generally favorable. About half the members surveyed expressed interest in the program," said Bradley.

The Social Science Interdisciplinary major now offers experimental Labor Studies courses. There are about 70 students majoring in the program, according to Bradley. "We have students on campus who wouldn't be here otherwise," he said.

Besides training labor leaders the program provides a labor background for people planning to obtain business, government or advanced degrees, Bradley said.

The program stresses labor economics, law, administration and journalism.

Surplus funds expected for loans and work study

by Karen Houser

Every year, the SF State Office of Student Financial Aid awards more loans and work-study positions than it has the funds to support. This year is no exception.

Yet, by the middle of October, the Financial Aid office hopes to have enough surplus funds to help some students who did not meet the financial aid deadline or students whose financial situations changed since the deadline.

"The idea is to overspend, overcommit," said Kate Wilson, financial aid assistant director for counseling. "We always overcommit."

According to Wilson, in April, when financial aid awards are made, the financial aid office is not sure how much money it will receive. Since work study funds have not been received, the exact amount of available aid is not known.

A surplus of funds can arise from a number of situations, according to Wilson. Some students who have been awarded financial aid decide not to attend SF State. Some have their awards canceled because they are not carrying the minimum amount of units required, or miss disbursement dates. Some work-study recipients find higher paying jobs elsewhere.

The financial aid office does not leave itself unprotected in case a surplus does not develop. The office's pamphlet, Student Financial Aid, reads: "When funds are limited...the student cannot be assured that a position will be found."

Because a surplus is expected this year, a decision must be made about how the extra money will be distributed. Although deadlines are usually strictly enforced, financial aid officials may decide to help people who were late this semester, Wilson said.

Hitchcock: parties and politics

Continued from Page 1

jailed. That way policemen would spend more time on the streets."

Hitchcock said she is concerned about the esthetics of San Francisco.

"I'd like to see Union Street closed off to traffic, so you could just walk on it. I'd also like to get rid of all the street merchants, and clean up Union Square. We could put a big restaurant with a garden bar there and all the revenue could go to the city."

Hitchcock said she would like to do something about prostitution.

"Put them all in one area, like in Hamburg," she said. "But who am I to talk, anyway?"

Hitchcock said she met Kennedy in a bar in Santa Monica shortly after he became senator. She claims the affair lasted three years.

Hitchcock said they decided to end the affair when he moved closer to becoming President.

Hitchcock has been featured in several gossip magazines as a result of her alleged affair.

Hitchcock has been in the limelight as a San Francisco socialite ever since her marriage to Peter Hitchcock. In 1974, *San Francisco* magazine featured her as one of the 10 sexiest women in the city.

Hitchcock said she doesn't believe her reputation as a party girl will ruin her chances for office.

"People will dislike you no matter what you do. Some will love you, some will hate you. You're not going to please everybody," she said.

New IR plan may bring fee hike

Continued from Page 1

A special board of students, faculty and administrators would be formed to administer the fees.

According to Kevin Gallagher, SPA chairman, "If A and B work right, they will limit the scope of a university president's budget decisions."

According to Part A of the plan:

*A timetable would be set up. University presidents would have 10 working days to act on the proposed AS budget. Student officers would have 10 working days to appeal a president's decision to a campus review board.

*A six member review board, composed of student representatives and administrators, would try to reach a budget compromise.

*If no compromise could be reached, money would be allocated under the previous year's budget until a new budget is approved.

These rules would prevent a repetition of SF State's current budget freeze. President Paul F. Romberg said he froze the budget because of certain questions about the budget procedure.

SF State's AS budget freeze may affect the fate of the plan in the legislature.

Because of Romberg's questions about procedure, "the legislators could think it shows irresponsibility on the students' part," said Plotkin. "It may raise credibility problems."

But, he said, it also might be viewed as a case of students "standing up for principle."

An SPA member who requested anonymity said, "I think Thabiti jumped the gun. If his intentions are wrong, it could ruin two years of work."

Neither Plotkin nor Gallagher could say when the plan would reach the legislature. Plotkin said the plan would not be heard in Sacramento before the January, 1978 session.

The SPA operates on a budget funded 90 percent from student fees from CSUC campuses with AS governments, Gallagher said. The SF State budget freeze may affect it.

"We were supposed to get $3,495 from SF State this year," Plotkin said. "That's 15 cents per student. The SPA budget might have to be redone."

AS stalled but officers paid

Continued from Page 1

receive financial aid under Title 5 was Bob Turner, in fall, 1972.

Title 5 states "the principle of establishing such payments shall be approved by a student referendum."

In an October 1972 election, the student body approved the principle of paying AS officers. A total of 578 students voted, (2.9 percent of the eligible voters) with 310 in favor of the measure and 268 against.

AS president Thabiti Mtambuzi has refused comment on grants-in-aid.

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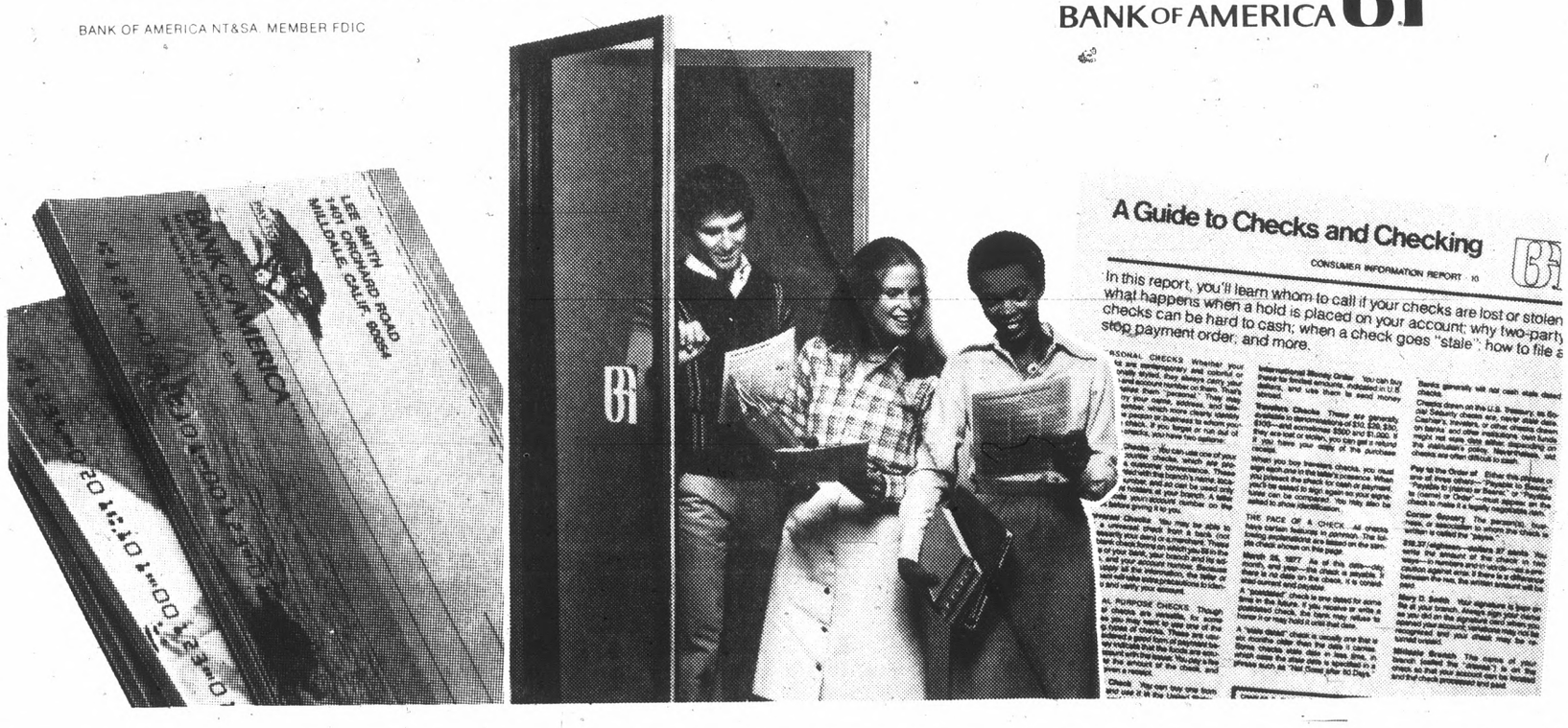

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Arnold Air Society presents the movie "The Family" 8 p.m. Friday Sept. 30 in the Barbary Coast. Donation $1.25.

Wanted: used Mamiya C330 wide-angle lens. 661-5015 mornings or evenings after 7 p.m.

For sale: potter's wheel, kick-type. Low mileage. Call 587-9305 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.

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Musicians wanted: Bass player and sax player for 50's r&r band. 668-6385.

Groves Nurses Registry is hiring nurses aides for float positions in acute care hospitals. Nursing students who have six months acute care experience, please call 433-5950 between 9 and 5 for an appointment.

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Sony HP219, Stereo/Cassette/AM—FM radio, Pioneer headphones, $200.00 863-7392.

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GINAL DEFECTIVE

SPORTS

Soccer's goal: To win the hearts, minds and feet of Americans

We're selling the team the way Procter & Gamble sells soap. --Martin J. Rotberg, vice president for sales for the Tampa Bay Rowdies, quoted in *Business Week*.

by Monroe Schacht

SAN JOSE -- Soccer, the international game in which players can't use their hands, has finally caught on in this country because some people used their heads.

"We try to get into the community and do anything we can to promote soccer and the Earthquakes. We'll do anything to promote the team. In fact, I'm booked up with public appearances through November," said Mark Demling, youth development coordinator for the San Jose franchise of the North American Soccer League (NASL).

Promotion is the key word in the phenomenal growth of soccer, a sport so vital to its fans that in 1969 it brought Honduras and El Salvador to the brink of war.

But for many years in America, soccer was only a game watched on Wide World of Sports by the curious. The early years of the NASL were hard; crowds numbered fewer than 2,000. Then came Pele, the Black Pearl, Brazil's national treasure. Soccer became a whole new ball game, as did the selling of soccer.

Soccer entrepreneurs in the NASL realized Americans didn't want just another game. They wanted an entertainment event.

- In the off-season, six Dallas Tornado players challenge local high school teachers to volleyball games. The players can't use their hands.
- The Tampa Bay Rowdies doubled average per-game attendance by giving free kazoos to fans.
- The Seattle Sounders offered a prize to the fan who correctly guessed how high a soccer ball would bounce after it was dropped from the top of the Kingdome.

The NASL also knew its future strength lay in the young player and spectator.

"When we appear at a clinic we try to show the kids the fundamentals, including trapping and kicking. We've raised money for high school soccer programs, appeared at Sonoma State Hospital and visited the terminally ill kids at Stanford's Children's Hospital. we'll sign autographs and the team posters, which we always take with us for public appearances. The kids think we're God. They really look up to us," Demling said.

Another reason soccer has caught on among the youth is the motto "Everybody plays."

"That's the reason little league baseball is hurting. There's just too much pressure placed on the youngster," said Frank Fouhr, soccer coach of the San Jose Police Athletic League. "I'm not only a history instructor at my high school, but I'm commissioner of the PAL encompassing 10,000 kids and 520 teams. I also coach three teams and have two kids on each team. There's no kill, kill attitude as in football."

In 1974, 35,000 kids played soccer in the Bay Area. Today, that number has jumped to close to 70,000.

Mike Lowney, 12, of St Christopher's School in San Jose has played for five years. "What I like about the sport is that it's fast, develops the muscles in the legs along with our mental attitude," he said.

The John Sellarole family of San Jose is caught up in the sport, from Tony, 6, to Jeannie, 15, a sophomore at Pioneer High School who got interested in it because her friends pushed her.

"My three girls and two boys like it, but it's tiring for me," said Lorraine Sellarole. "Can you believe it, they each have three practices a week, not including Saturday's game? I ate up a tankful of gas one Saturday driving from game to game."

The Quakes obviously think those trips were worth it. San Jose finished the season with a 14-12 record and lost in the playoffs to Los Angeles, yet six of 13 home games in Spartan Stadium were sellouts.

"As long as those kids are interested in it, that's all that matters," Demling said.

Action like this has started 70,000 Bay Area kids kicking

Photo by Bill Hellmuth

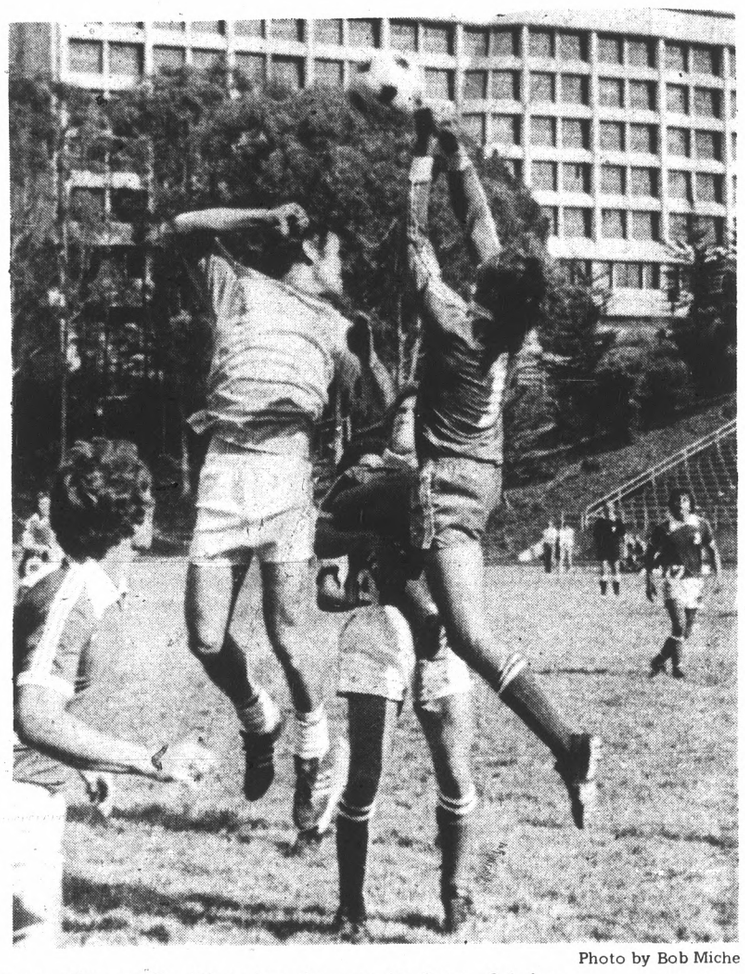

Photo by Bob Miche

Santa Clara goalie (1) makes the save in Gator 3-1 loss

New look for Gators

by Frank Aragona

SF State's soccer team has a new look this year. There's a new coach and several talented new players who hope to make the Gators a serious challenger in the Far West Conference.

The new coach is Luis Sagastume, who is taking over from Art Bridgman, SF State's soccer coach for the last 26 years. Bridgman is stepping down because of health problems and a heavy class load, but will remain as soccer coordinator.

Sagastume is joined by 15 new players, including seven junior college transfers.

"I have not scouted the other clubs, but we should be in the top three of the conference. We have skillful players. Our strength lies in our skill," said Sagastume.

"We're not a big physical club. We must play a quick running game. Sometimes we lack cohesiveness and defensive concentration, but we see improvement in each game."

Anchoring the Gator's offense are forwards Abdo Abdella, a freshman from Ethiopa, Alberto Elizalde and Ricardo Diaz, a transfer from City College of San Francisco (CCSF).

In the Gator's 4-1 victory against Oregon Sept. 21, Abdella had three assists while Elizalde and Diaz scored two goals each.

Leading the SF State defense are backs Richard Rappolt, Scott McBain, Conny Konstien, Anulio Mendoza and Michael Linder.

Through their first five games of the non-conference season, the Gators are 3-2.

Seven days

Here are this week's home events.

Football

Oct. 1 vs. Nevada-Reno 1 p.m.

Soccer

Oct. 1 vs. Chico State 2 p.m.

Oct. 3 vs. Stanford 3 p.m.

Volleyball

Oct. 7 vs. Chico State 5 p.m.

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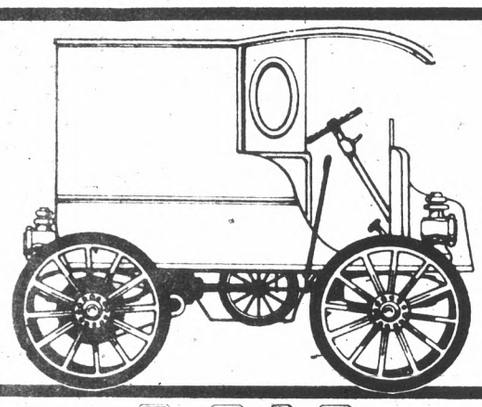

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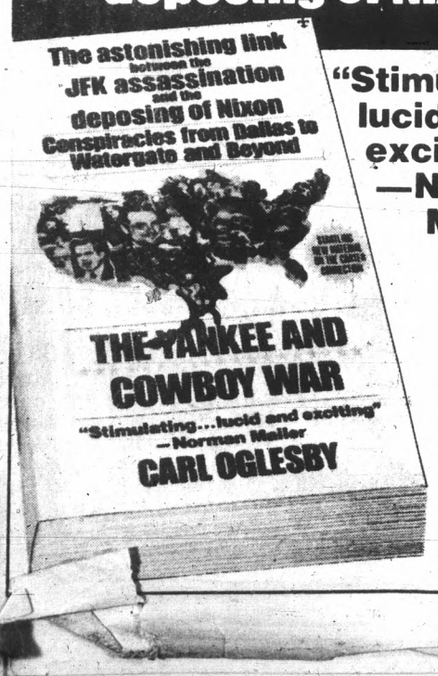
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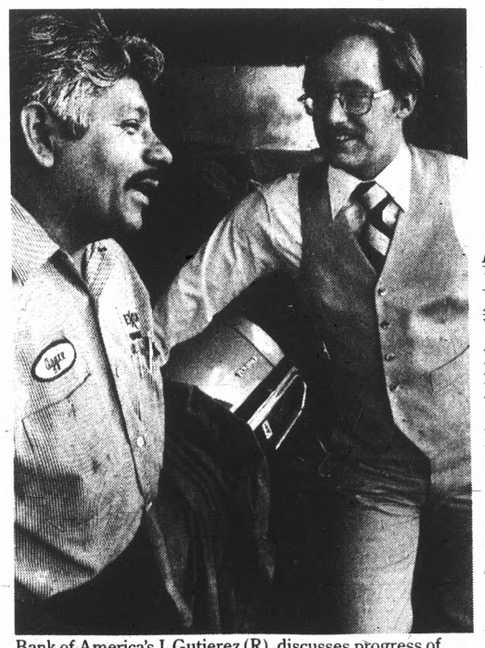

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Photo by Martin Jeong

Coach Vic Rowen: 100-81-6

Vic Rowen celebrates 100th coaching victory

by Dirk Smith

As the clock ran out on the Gator victory, SF State's players hoisted Coach Vic Rowen into the air. The dean of the Northern California football coaches had just secured his 100th career collegiate victory.

Rowen tallied number 100 in style. The Gators ran the Veer offense better than in past games as they demolished Southern Oregon 41-20 Saturday.

"I didn't think about it until the players started talking about it," said Rowen. "You don't prepare any differently for any game. You know what you have to do to win and you go out and do it."

Rowen's career record is now 100-81-6, with a 88-71-6 slate at SF State. But the numbers do not reveal the real story. Rowen's career has been illustrious.

Rowen's first coaching assignment came in 1951 with Defiance College in Ohio. After two mediocre seasons of 0-6 and 4-4, the squad became the first Ohio college to post a perfect record -- 8-0.

His performance in Ohio attracted Joe Verducci, then Gator football coach. In 1954, Rowen became offensive line coach for SF State. He served in that capacity until 1961, when he took over as coach.

Perhaps the greatest compliment a coach can receive is respect from his peers.

Bob Toledo, a former SF State quarterback and now an assistant coach at the University of Southern California, holds much esteem for Rowen.

"Vic has the brightest mind in college football. There is no question he helped my career. He gave me the opportunity to be successful -- his reputation aided me," Toledo said.

Now Coach Rowen has begun working on the next 100 wins.

"I'll keep coaching until I die or they kick me out," he said.

How some folks spend Saturday afternoon

They get a little bit R-O-W-D-Y

by Ed Lit

College football games never change.

The players on the sidelines, the cheerleaders and the spectators always act the same, whether it's 1940, 1960 or 1977. Take last Saturday, for instance.

After Southern Oregon's Dan Johnson ran a kickoff back 93 yards up the middle to tie the score at 7-7, the Gators on the bench screamed, "I don't believe it."

Lester Robinson, the SF State kick returner, ran in place. He talked to himself: "I'm gonna get me one." A teammate overheard his mumbling and said, "Hey you were supposed to break the last one."

The cheerleaders yelled, "Let's do the same thing."

It was a short kick, and Lester didn't get a chance to run "coast to coast."

On the first play, quarterback Rich Palmer tripped.

The song girls on the front rows clapped in unison and sang out, "Let's get a little bit rowdy, R-O-W-D-Y."

Frank Crosby was wide open on the next play, but the ball was overthrown.

Fourth down and Gary Shupe came in to punt. "Coffin corner, Gary." The ball landed on the three-yard line. "Nice job."

The defense held as the visiting team's offense headed back to its bench. The song girls started it up again. "Go back to your woods, your team has no spirit and ain't no good."

The Gators got a little closer this time, and Alan Dewart came in to try a 44-yard field goal.

"C'mon Alan Baby."

It's up and good.

"Yea Alan."

Dewart trotted back to the bench. "I was trembling like a leaf," he said.

The defense was not sharp, the offense wasn't moving and the punting team didn't hustle.

Roger Jones said from the bench, "I know somebody who's gonna get yelled at half time – and I don't want to be there."

After Frank Duncan broke up a pass, Reggie Redmond headed toward the bench breathing hard. "They got me," said Reggie, as he sat down to catch his breath.

Watson again was wide open but the ball sailed over his head. He said, "No fly, oh I tried."

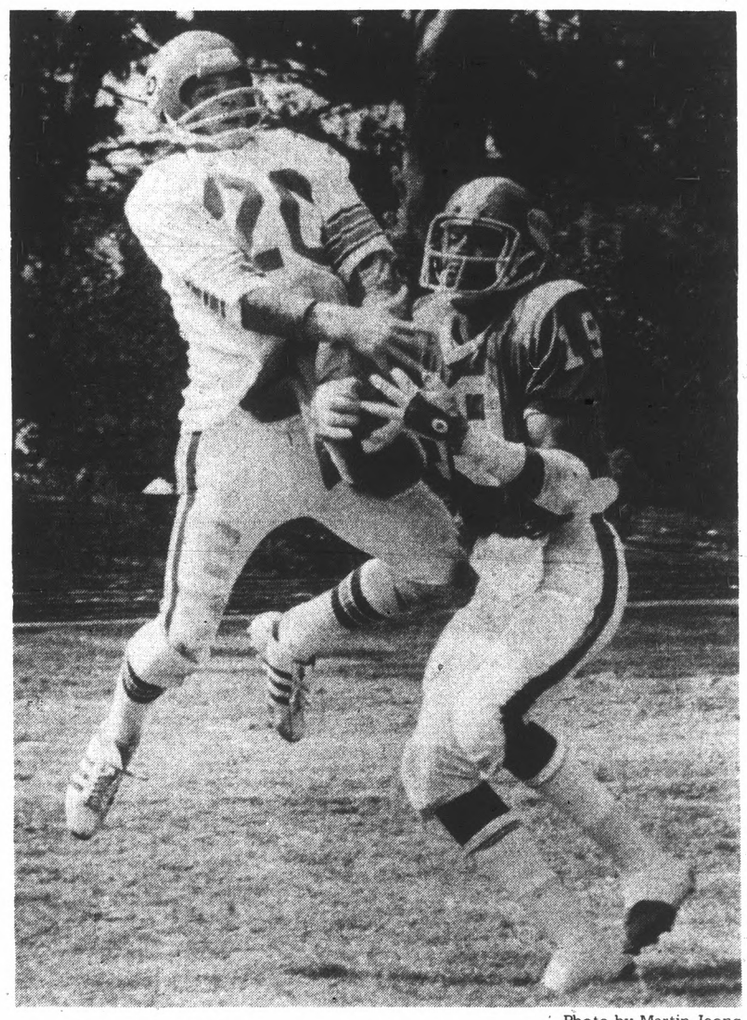

Photo by Martin Jeong

Gator David White (19) breaks up a pass in the end zone intended for Red Raider Dan Johnson (20).

Reggie Lloyd scored a touchdown, and Dewart kicked three more field goals. There was ecstasy all over the Gator bench.

It was peaceful on the sidelines. All of a sudden Vic Rowen was tangled up in his wires. He took off the headphones and screamed, "Fellows, you're killing my cord, unravel it."

Some of the players snickered.

It was half time, and a young lady in line at the hot dog stand wanted something to drink.

"Do you have any coffee?" she asked.

"No."

"Oh wow! I'll have a Coca Cola," she said.

"We don't have any."

She said, "I don't believe this; my best friend since fifth grade and you can't give me a Coke."

The vendor said, "Sometimes it's beyond our limitations."

In the stands, disco music blared from speakers.

"She's all right."

"Yea, for a freshman."

"I can't wait until she's a senior."

The visiting team ran on the field first, clapping and yelling, "Raiders, Raiders."

The song girls burst out: "Go back, go back to your woods, Your team ain't got no spirit and your team ain't no good.

Gators ran on.

The song girls changed the tune: "We love those Gators, deep down in our soul."

The second half action resumed and before anybody has a chance to say, "Great Scott," the score was 20-20. Southern Oregon's Johnson was all over the field, catching and running the ball.

SF State's team doctor said, "Hey that number 20 is fast."

Mugs Simons, defensive line coach, yelled, "Mike, tell them to look at the score, we need a block."

Duncan and Redmond headed for the sidelines, had words and almost started fighting. Tempers were hot.

Rowen grabbed Duncan. "Not in the middle of the game," he screamed. Duncan walked away, leaving Redmond alone facing the coach.

"What you doin' Reg?" Rowen said.

"I told 'em," said Redmond.

The offense was not moving. Rick Purdy yelled, "Got to have it in your heart."

Rowen barked out defensive signals. "Eagle 70."

Andre Wood made an interception and raised the ball over his head after he was tackled.

The offense creeped down to the goal line. It was first and goal to go.

Rowen shouted, "Beef." The receivers ran off the field and three big linemen rambled on to move the Oregon defense out.

On second try, Robinson scored a touchdown. He was ecstatic. Watson carried him off the field and Robinson started slapping hands all the way down the bench.

SF State lead, 41-20. Rowen started clearing the bench. One newcomer came to the sideline and shouted, "I got a little green." He had a grass stain on his uniform. He was glad to be dirty.

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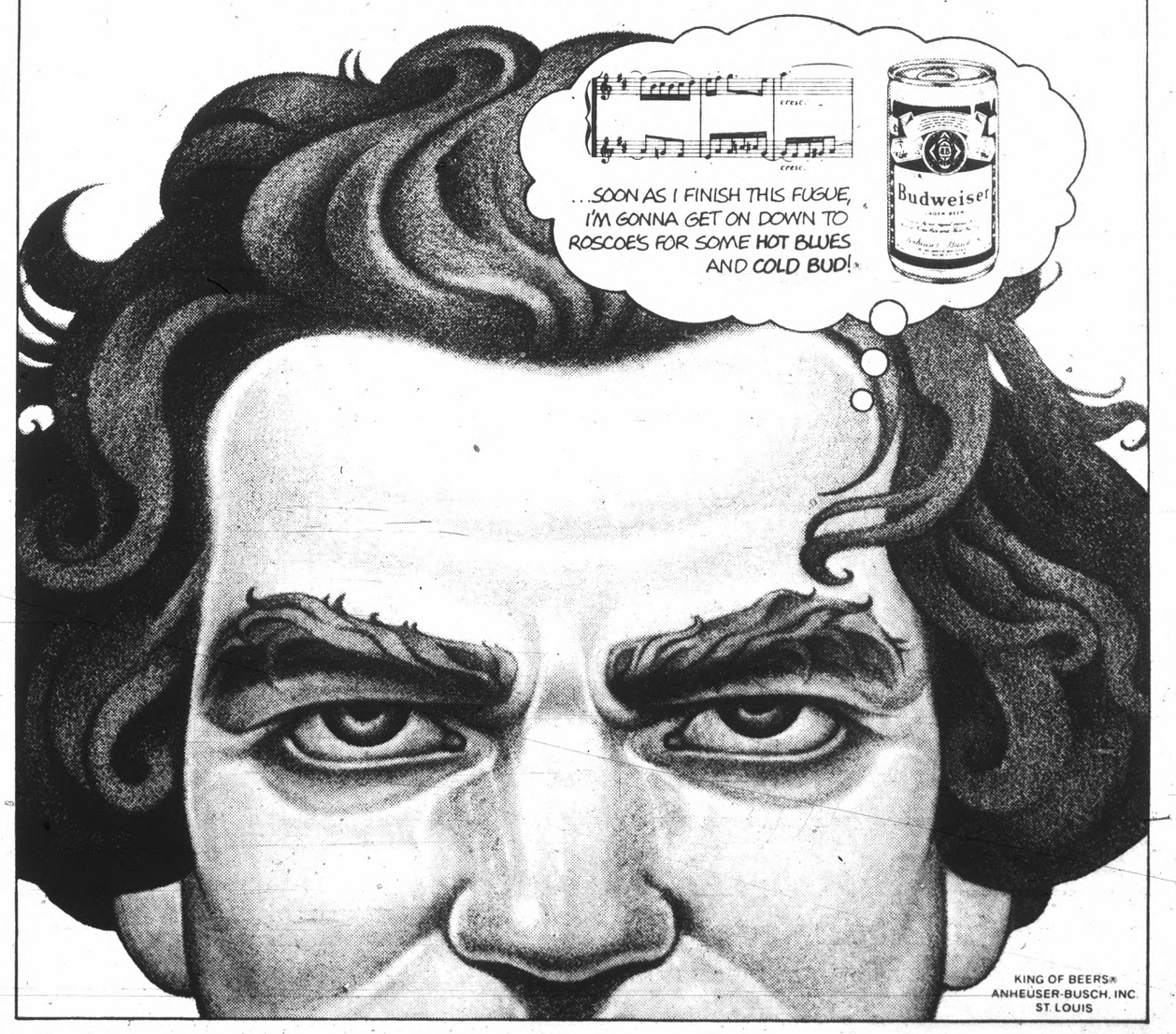
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Non-profit entertainment

Mimi Farina -- high on Bread and Roses

by Ann Mamer

Reach out make a little contact
Reach out make a little love
You may think life is trying
But this is it, so do the best with it
Cause for now it's all you've got

--Mimi Farina, 1971

The unassuming folksinger-turned-executive-director is sitting at her desk, her head in her hands, basking in the soft early autumn light. The first yellow and red leaves of the season rustle in the wind outside the window. It's the second day of fall in Marin -- a subtlety you don't notice in the city.

A woman enters the Bread and Roses office with a handful of papers. "Would you sign these checks first, Mimi?" she asks as she shoves the papers across the desk to Mimi Farina.

While Mimi signs checks, I look around her sparse office. It looks more like the work place of a folksinger than an executive director. Two chairs and the desk are its only furnishings. A framed photograph of rock impresario Bill Graham adorns the wall to Mimi's left and a Spanish translation of Bread and Roses -- Tortillas Y Bouganvillas -- hangs over the door.

The woman with the checks leaves and Farina apologizes for the intrusion, asking me to sit down. The afternoon sun filters in through the window behind her desk, shining like a natural halo through the long black hair that falls softly to her shoulders. Olive skin and blue-gray eyes, reflecting her Spanish-Scottish ancestry, combine to give Mimi an almost ethereal beauty.

Yesterday, Farina was in the Yukon, performing at a folk festival held by miners. She has returned to the Bread and Roses office to work on a benefit to be held next weekend in Berkeley.

Besides writing and performing her music, Mimi, 32, is her own manager and booking agent. She is also the main organizer behind all Bread and Roses benefits.

"I'll probably collapse after next weekend's benefit," Mimi says laughing and falling back in her chair. "But you know, music and organizing these benefits is an incredible high for me. I'm running on a different kind of energy."

That energy is genuine enthusiasm for what she is doing. The high is contagious whether Mimi Farina is performing on stage or talking in her office.

"I'm shy but I'm a show off," she says, laughing again. "I like to get up in front of people and have them applaud."

A photographer is taking pictures and she is careful to display her "good side" to the camera.

"I think the stage is a great place to make statements, whether it's through acting, music, or dance. I danced when I was younger. I was going to be a dancer, so the stage is a familiar territory to me," Mimi says.

Mimi was singing and playing guitar in clubs with her sister, Joan Baez, when she was 13. She started performing professionally with her late husband Richard Farina when she was 18.

While recording her album, "Take Heart," with singer/songwriter Tom Jans in 1972, she became disillusioned with the music industry. Farina hasn't released an album since.

"I was feeling a lot of hostility towards the industry and I was questioning my own career," Mimi says. "I was wondering if it was worth my time to get into that enormously competitive world and try and make my way and suffer through it if I didn't. The life would be hard and the breaks few."

Mimi brushes her hair aside and slowly shifts her gaze to the window for a moment. Her eyes are the real center of her beauty. They reveal a sensitive, strong woman.

"There were a lot of people in 1974 during the 'energy crisis' who were being tossed out of record companies because vinyl (a petroleum product) is what albums are made of. The big record companies were not paying much attention to the artists that weren't selling as well. I had just split up with Tom Jans as a singing partner and we were each going to do our own albums. I was making the tape for mine when the energy crisis happened and I wasn't getting the attention that I needed from the company," Farina said.

A letter opener on her desk preoccupies Mimi's attention for a moment. It is as if she has some thoughts she wants to keep to herself and is afraid her eyes will give them away.

She looks up and says in a much softer voice, "At that time I was feeling useless and totally worthless. I was ready to give up music, I felt so bad about what was happening around me."

"I could have been antagonistic and complained. But I preferred to go on singing on the road, and selling songs -- although I didn't concentrate on that too much. That's when I started managing myself and booking my own tours."

Through her honesty she reveals a woman who has been able to overcome her personal struggles without selling out. It's in the lyrics of her song:

Oh listen to the earth my friend
It'll bend your heart not break it
Time is nowhere near the end
And there's plenty of room for all of us
to make it.

"Bread and Roses is a response to the things I don't like about big business and particularly big business and art, which is such a strange combination of things," Farina says.

In 1974 Mimi Farina founded the Bread and Roses organization, located in Marin county, where she and an abundance of talented performers live.

"I wanted to do something positive with my music. The idea of Bread and Roses occured to me and it sort of snowballed on its own" she says in her modest way.

Bread and Roses is a non-profit organization that presents 20 to 30 shows each month in convalescent homes, correctional facilities and similar institutions.

The name of the organization, Mimi says, was taken from an old poem written in 1912 for a women's strike in a textile mill in Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Our lives shall not be sweated
from birth until life closes
hearts starve as well as bodies,
give us bread and give us roses.

Mimi speaks fondly about the different kinds of audiences that Bread and Roses reaches.

"A lot of them are sedated. Institutionalized people are given a lot of drugs so sometimes they will nod out during a performance.

"Some of them are crazy -- literally," she says. "I enjoy performing for those the most because they are so open. Like children -- they say exactly what they are thinking or feeling. Then I can interact and that's fun for me as a performer."

Mimi agrees that it also can be unnerving. She cites the time they were performing at Napa and a 200 pound woman sitting in the front row took off her pants and threw them on the piano.

"The performer has to get used to things that don't happen in a regular audience," Mimi says laughing, her delicate hands folded on the desk.

Mimi talks about the problems and hassles of being an organizer of non-profit entertainment in a world where money talks.

"We spend 30 percent of our time fund raising," she says. "That means filling out forms to try and get various grants, going to meetings and just spending a lot of time soliciting."

"It's a nuisance. The meetings are boring and it's always a question of are we credible enough," Mimi says in a sarcastic tone which seems out of character.

"You can't prove it by somebody's smile in a rest home or the fact that somebody stands up out of a wheelchair and sings along. That doesn't mean anything on an application (for a grant)," she says. "It means a lot to us but it's not valid proof of your credibility when you are asking for funds."

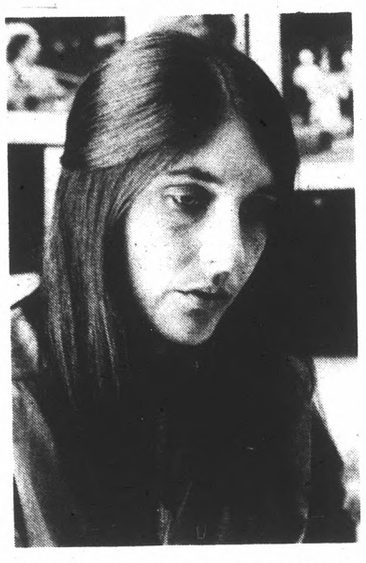
Bread and Roses tries to raise their own funds whenever possible. The acoustic music festival next weekend is such an attempt. They are also doing it because, as Mimi says with a smile, "I like to celebrate; I like parties."

The festival will present an array of musical talent at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, Oct. 7, 8 and 9. The performances will be totally acoustic.

Friday night will star Arlo Guthrie and Mimi Farina. Joan Baez and Pete Seeger will be among those performing Saturday night. The Pursuasions will open Sunday's performance that also features Maria Muldaur, Richie Havens, and Country Joe MacDonald.

In addition to the concerts, Saturday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. there will be free workshops on the Strawberry Canyon playing field featuring such artists as Dan Hicks, Malvina Reynolds, and Earl Robinson.

"I think the stage is a great place to make statements."



"Bread and Roses is a response to the things I don't like about big business."

"I wanted to do something positive with my music."

Photos by Michael Musser

"I like to celebrate - I like parties."

Calendar

September 29 - October 6

ART

Today through Oct. 14 - Ceramic Sculpture by Shirley Scott and Liz Hom. The Student Union Gallery.

FILM

Today - Fellini's "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965). 1 p.m. Cinematheque. McKenna Theatre. Student admission: $1. **Today** - Mervyn LeRoy's "Little Caesar" (1930). Cinematheque. McKenna Theatre. Student admission: $1. **Tuesday** - George Lucas' "THX-1138" (1970). With Donald Pleasance and Robert Duvall. 7:30 p.m. Cinematheque. McKenna Theatre. Student admission: $1.25. **Wednesday** - George Lucas' "THX-1138" (1970), 12:30 p.m. Cinematheque. McKenna Theatre. Student admission: $1. **Wednesday** - Fellini's "La Dolce Vita" (1960), with Marcello Mastroiani. 7 p.m. Cinematheque. McKenna Theatre. Student admission: $1.25.

MUSIC

Tuesday - High Country, a bluegrass band, will appear in the Student Union 4-7 p.m. Admission is free. **Wednesday** - Roland Young, jazz guitarist, will appear 5-7 p.m. in the Student Union. Free.

KSFS-FM - SF State's campus radio station can be heard on campus in the music listening rooms on Channel 7, and in the dorms at 880 AM.

THEATRE

Today - Drama Showcase previews with an original commedia play, today and next Thursday at 1 p.m. in Creative Arts 104. Free. **Today** - "A Doll's House" presented by the Department of Theatre Arts. 8 p.m. in the Little Theatre. Tickets: $3.50 and $3, half-price for students and seniors. **Today through Friday** - "Two for the Seesaw" by William Gibson. Brown Bag Theatre. Noon in room 102 of the Creative Arts Building. **Friday** - "A Doll's House" presented by the Department of Theatre Arts. 8 p.m. in the Little Theatre. Tickets $3.50 and $3, half-price for students and seniors. **Saturday** - "A Doll's House" presented by the Department of Theatre Arts. 8 p.m. in the Little Theatre. Tickets: $3.50 and $3, half-price for students and seniors. **Tuesday through Oct. 8** - "Sociability" by Charles Dizenzo. Brown Bag Theatre. Noon in room 102 of the Creative Arts Building.

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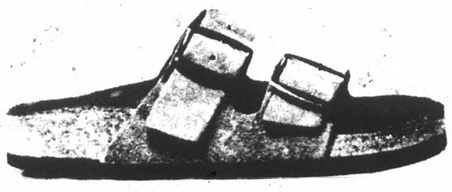

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ARTS

Cardboard 'Doll's House'

by Robert Rubino

A century ago, Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was truly a bold drama way ahead of its time. That time passed, rather slowly, Tuesday evening at SF State's Little Theater.

"A Doll's House" is the story of Nora, a comfortably middle class wife and mother who has spent her life not as a person but as "a doll, first my father's doll and then my husband's doll."

At the play's conclusion, the light of awareness finally dawns on Nora, and she leaves her husband and three children.

The beginning of the play clearly establishes the adult-child, or more accurately, the master-pet relationship between Nora and her incredibly patronizing, insensitive lawyer-banker husband who refers to his spouse as "squirrel," "spendthrift dove," "a lark drooping her wings," and "little sweet tooth."

The problems for the Creative Arts Department production of "A Doll's House" exist in the long hours between the interesting start and the dramatic finale. The plot is cluttered with unlikely twists and implausible characters.

There is Nora's chum from school days, Kristine, who arrives just in time to fall in love with an ex-flame, a likeable but desperate character who has secretly loaned money to Nora and threatens to expose her as a forger.

The only person Nora relates to on an equal and mature level is Doctor Rank, a sickly family friend who is secretly in love with her. When the doctor finally makes his feelings known, Nora dismisses him with the best line of the drama.

"There are those one loves," Nora says, "and then there are those one loves being with."

Peggy Foster as Nora is charismatic and competent, playing a woman who covers her feelings of repression and exploitation with a painfully jolly exterior of frenzied nervousness.

The real star of this production may be Eric J. Bertelsen, whose set design is so convincingly professional that it nearly distracts from the performers. The entire action of the play transpires in Nora's 1879 Norwegian flat, complete with a realistic indoor furnace. The falling snow and moving clouds seen through the room's windows are particularly creative.

But the drama falls flat because today, one hundred years later, the characters of "A Doll's House" come off simply as cardboard caricatures.

After all, are we really to believe that after living through eight years of empty-headed, claustrophobic intimidation, Nora suddenly repudiates her family without a convincing catharsis? And although there are men who continue to relate to women as pets or objects, Nora's husband is more a pathetic parody than a flesh and blood chauvinist.

Ibsen's concern for women struggling for identity in a male dominated society was innovative and controversial in its time, and it certainly remains a vital and relevant theme.

But "A Doll's House" today is an overrated melodrama that ignores the morass of subtleties in male-female relationships.

"A Doll's House," an SF State Creative Arts Theater Production, is directed by Jack Cook and features Peggy Foster, Howie Demere, Frank O'Neill, Bobbi Boe, and Paul Marvel. Performances are tonight, Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. in the Little Theater.

Sunday afternoon concerts

San Francisco State University's free Sunday afternoon Artists' Series will begin October 2 with the Zaigmondy Duo playing works of Beethoven, Debussy and Bartok.

Other concerts in this series include the Bulgarian String Quartet October 30, London's Chilingirian String Quartet November 20, the Alban Berg Quartet of Vienna February 19 and the Oberlin College-based New Hungarian String Quartet on March 12.

Propaganda through posters

by Frank D. Inferrera

Political poster art can be as subtle as a train wreck. The message is usually loud and clear. A more subdued tone was apparent, however, at a showing of posters last week in the office of the History Student Union (HSU).

James Rowland, the graduate student in charge of the exhibit, said the showing was put together through HSU's connection with the Special Collections Network, encompassing seventy colleges that believe in sharing political material. Most of the posters came from Russell Benedict, "an old labor organizer going back to the Wobblies' day," now with the library at the University of Nevada-Reno, Rowland said.

The posters were mostly of a recent vintage, dealing with political movements in Africa and Latin America. There was also an illustrated calendar depicting life in Appalachia -- a poison cloud enveloping March, a mine shoot-out for April, but also scenes of family and community life in June.

There was also some advice from World War II: "Defeat the Kaiser and his U-Boats -- eat less wheat." Also included were some famous front pages and some right-wing propaganda, adding up to a show that was more political than artistic.

This is not unexpected in a show of political art. The artist is trying to get a viewpoint across -- forcefully -- rather than trying to make a name for him or herself.

The posters make one realize how swiftly the present slips into the past, and that it will be a short time before the political propaganda of today becomes flotsam on the currents of history.

One poster showed an American soldier being sprayed with fire from a rifle thrust into his gut, with the legend "Santo Domingo, 1965." Its fellow posters, however, were so subdued they were almost apolitical. A blue idol holds a rifle in one; a warrior stands poised with his spears in another. Christ carries a rifle slung over his shoulder. This was the most striking image in the show, not so much because of the rifle but because of the figure's eyes. They revealed a deep sensitivity within.

The exhibit was not very large -- about half of the approximately two dozen works were calendar pages -- but the show was a good way to spend a few free minutes in a busy day. Rowland said the HSU may have another exhibit in the spring. Perhaps future shows could be given a better home than the cluttered HSU office, or at least the items could be placed at eye level so one does not need the neck of a flamingo to view the items comfortably.

'Life of Beethoven'

The Genius as a man

by Lisa Smith

The "Life of Beethoven" is not just another musical genius film. Far from the popular projection of the misunderstood artist and his tragic lovelife or a Ken Russell extravaganza, the film is a tastefully rendered documentary about an extraordinary human being.

Illustrated by excerpts from his musical creations, the film presents Beethoven as a man viewed through the eyes of his contemporaries. Producer-director Hans Conrad Fischer is careful to include anecdotes in the narration, spoken by Gabriel Woolf and Felix Felton, that make the contradictory nature of Beethoven a reality more than a legend. The skillful integration of script and compositions provide insight into the inner workings of a creative mind.

The film is the first of a series of three composers' biographies, opening Oct. 1 at the Clay theater. The next two films study the lives of Bruckner and Mozart.

A lesson in musical style begins the film. Friedrich Gulda's knowledge of Beethoven is sound but his commentary is a little technical for the average listener. The German-speaking pianist's talk is translated into abbreviated English subtitles which unfortunately do not convey his meaning as effectively as an interpreter might have.

Run-ins with the aristocracy, ill health and worries about his nephew, Carl, were only some of the factors that influenced Beethoven's compositions. Portions of his favorite books were read and the viewer sees him as a scholar of Greek and Roman literature, Shakespeare, and a lover of Goethe and Schiller. The rhythms of poetry are shown to inspire musical ideas.

Through conversation books (notebooks that were used to communicate with others after he lost his hearing) a record was left of Beethoven's innermost thoughts. The film examines these notebooks carefully, noting sketches and clues to his creative reservoir. The audience sees samples of the musician's own handwriting that reflect his many moods.

The composer's temperamental pendulum swings from the sublime to the mundane as his domestic battles with servant girls, skirmishes with patrons, and quarrels with neighbors are discovered and narrated. As early as age eleven, Beethoven's sarcasm surfaced. A woman chiding his untidiness remarks, "Gentlemen are never sloppy." He retorts, "When I am a gentleman, no one will notice."

Beethoven's compositions are complemented by ballet, slides of the scenes and people of Bonn and Vienna, and footage of live orchestras, instrumentalists and vocalists. Particularly effective are shots of a painting that accompanies "Wellington's Victory." The battle scene and the music mesh but the audience is puzzled because the picture is never identified. The rescue scene from "Fidelio" is enacted with passionate intensity.

Contributing their talent to the film are the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the Vienna Symphony, the London Wind Soloists, the Vienna Academy Choir, the Ballet of the German Opera on the Rhine, and conductors Karl Bohm and Rudolf Kempe.

The film details Beethoven's musical and personal development in such a way that it won't bore professionals yet it will interest the neophyte. If the Bruckner and Mozart biographies stand up to "The Life of Beethoven," the entire series will be worth seeing.

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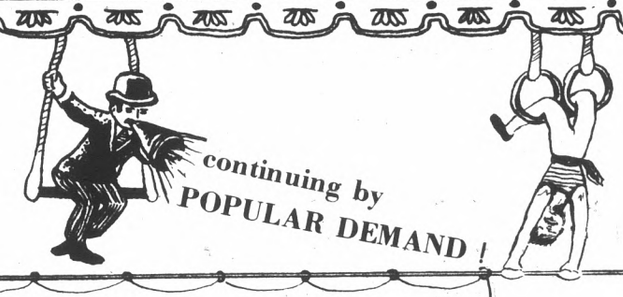

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BACKWORDS

Photo by Michael Muss

The lonely crowd at the Mustang Ranch

by David Bella and Joe Bailey

"Oh sweet painted lady.
Seems it's always been the same.
Getting paid, for being laid.
Is that the name of the game?"

-- Elton John, 1973

Rolling along Interstate 80, Joe and Dave stopped at an Arco station, apprehensive about the whole thing.

"How do you get to Mustang Ranch? " Dave asked, trying to remain as cool and worldly as the situation warranted.

"Straight ahead on 80," the attendant said with a knowing smile. "You can't miss it. Follow the neon signs to the place that looks like an army post. It's surrounded by a wire fence and there are two guard towers. You can't miss it."

Back in the car Dave got the feeling he was on his way to boot camp.

"Behave yourselves when you get there," the attendant warned as the car pulled away. "They shoot people there, ya know?"

Set near Reno, Nev., Mustang Ranch is surrounded by the kind of land that reminds one of green pastures, grazing horses, and the lower-forty. At this ranch, however, nothing is lower than $30.

A pair of one-story prefabricated buildings, Mustang is the brothel of brothels in a state that boasts at least forty similar houses.

As they coasted into the main parking lot, Joe and Dave were greeted by a shimmering circular sign: "Mustang Ranch, Entrance."

Beyond the gate they caught glimpses of the action inside. Scores of women passed by the curtainless windows that lined the front of the building.

Pressing the buzzer that released the lock on the gate, they moved down the walkway and passed through a door that opened into the main lobby.

They were immediately met by Carrie, a large middle-aged matron in an aquamarine skirt and black apron. Behind her horned-rimmed glasses, eyes bright, she smiled pleasantly. She looked like a cafeteria attendant at an elementary school. She stripped Joe of his camera and satchel.

"Good evening," she smiled, "Come right in and pick a lady."

Standing in a line reminiscent of the third infantry were the ladies of the ranch. There were a dozen in all, some smiling, others looking bored. Some dressed in revealing evening gowns, others in outfits only slightly resembling clothing.

Mouths gaping, Joe and Dave silently stared. In a few seconds the line broke up.

As the ladies dispersed, some moved to the couches that lined the lobby, others to the bar behind an open partition 40 feet from the front door.

The bar, crowded with non-intimidating male patrons, looked safe, so Joe and Dave sought refuge there.

From the bar, a full view of the lobby came into

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focus. Blinding red walls distorted their vision. Velvet pictures hung from every wall, like the ones in Mexican restaurants. But these were pictures of tits and asses, not desperadoes.

Tiny statues of naked women on horses, presumably mustangs, lined the shelf that circled the lobby. Endless hallways surrounded the bar, leading to the promised land.

Joe and Dave soon realized the lineup that welcomed them was part of the routine.

Every time the buzzer rang, the ladies assumed their positions for inspection. The size of the line depended on how business was at the time.

Settling into their seats at the bar, they stared at the scene around them as if they were two kids at a zoo. It was a zoo.

Women lounged on the sofas, pawing at their potential customers, while the air filled with the dialogue of sex.

They observed the bartender hurrying about. Craggy-faced and puffy-nosed, she hustled down the line handing out dollar cans of beer.

"Hey Ralph, where the hell is my drink?" someone shouted from the end of the bar.

"I'll be there in a minute you sexy savage," Ralph said.

"Here's your beer, precious," she said to Dave with a lecherous smile. She looked like a veteran who had been put out to pasture.

* * *

The man sitting next to Joe introduced himself via an apology.

"Hey, man I'm sorry I knocked over your drink. I'm Jim," he said. He offered his hand.

They shook, Joe noting his drink was untouched.

This show of attention immediately qualified Joe as the stranger's best friend, and Jim delivered an oratory of his life history with the eloquence of a sixth-grade speech class dropout.

* * *

Dottie, a big-busted woman slinked up to the bar and casually rubbed her ass against Dave's leg. She didn't look at him but instead struck up a conversation with the gentleman to her right.

Suddenly she turned to Dave and bluntly asked, "Are you gonna do anything tonight or are you just gonna sit there?"

Tongue-tied, Dave said nothing.

Dottie disgustedly left.

* * *

Joe watched the back of the bar where a line of available women awaited the entrance of the next potential customer. A burly man - All American Little League coach - sporting a crew-cut and a blue, nylon windbreaker entered the room and checked out the pickings. Without making a choice he slowly made his way to the bar. The women disbanded.

* * *

Jack and Bob, two tire-cappers from Reno, welcomed Dave to the ranch.

Jack, a short, squat Indian, had just gotten divorced and came to the ranch to have a good time. His friend Bob was a regular.

Bob, Coors having gotten the best of him, pushed back his greying, greasy pompadour and flashed a toothless smile.

He pulled out a wad of twenties and called to Ralph for another beer. Quickly Dottie reappeared and eyed the bills.

"Wanna go to bed? she asked Bob.

Without a fight, Bob and his money clip were led off.

"Ya know, these girls are just like the slot machines," Jack philosophically explained as Bob disappeared down a hallway. "They're here, so you might as well give them a pull."

Two elderly men passed through the entrance and grabbed a pair of waiting ladies.

"Those two jerks couldn't even get a stiff," shouted a cowboy from the corner of the bar. His cronies roared with an approving round of laughter.

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Jim asked Joe if he had ever been to Canada. He had.

"Great place to be from," Jim said sarcastically. He directed Joe's attention to two men standing behind him.

"Canucks," Jim said. "They're real assholes."

Joe ignored Jim as best he could and surveyed the lobby.

It was crowded with fat men in polyester suits, cowboys in dirty denim, greasemonkeys, businessmen. Across the room sat a couch full of high school students, eyes fixed on the floor. The buzzer sounded and the ritual of display occurred again.

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Bob returned to the bar. He hadn't been gone 10 minutes.

"I couldn't get it up," he said with drunken disgust. He then passed a menacing glance Dave's way.

"Write this in your story," he slurred. "I took on two women before Dottie but this time I couldn't get a hard-on." He was visibly upset that he hadn't pulled off the hat-trick.

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"She gives good head," he said, pointing to a short blonde in a white silk dress. He kept at Joe imploring him to "take a pick."

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Soon, a blonde with a nose that rivaled Durante's was at Dave's back. She massaged his shoulders.

"Hi, my name is Elaine," she said.

"Hi, my name is Dave."

"Have you been to bed yet?"

"No, I just drove in from San Francisco and I've been on the road for five hours. I'm really tired," Dave lamely replied.

"Well," she smiled, "come to my room and I'll do the driving."

Once again Dave was speechless.

Elaine left as the buzzer rang and Jack delivered a monologue about being a Marine, hating long-haired hippies, and kicking ass. Dave tried to look as clean-cut as possible.

* * *

Joe decided to leave Jim to his own company, but his exit from the bar was blocked by a woman Jim had summoned. The woman placed her hand on Joe's shoulder. He didn't turn around.

"Baby," Jim said, "This is my buddy from Canada. A tourist, ya know? He's a little nervous. See what you can do for him."

His back turned, Joe listened to a faceless voice whisper in his ear.

"Why don't you come to my room?" she asked.

Joe declined on the grounds he hadn't finished his drink.

"So take it with you," she insisted.

Three men at Joe's side leered at him, as though they were scoring by proxy.

Embarrassed but curious, Joe followed the unidentified woman down the hall.

* * *

Dave passed the next few minutes with Jack, listening to his tales of war and divorce, soon unable to separate the two. Dave decided the time had come, so to speak. But whom would he choose?

Feeling that he had known Elaine all his life, Dave plucked her from the most recent lineup and hand-in-hand they strolled down the dimly lit hallway to her room.

"How long have you worked here?" Dave asked, straining for conversation.

"Three weeks," Elaine said. "I'm working so I can get my nose fixed. I'm an entertainer, ya know? I sing and dance. I'm just working for a while."

Elaine opened the door, sat down on the edge of the tiny, single-bed and matter-of-factly said, "Drop your pants and show me your pecker."

Startled, Dave did just that and Elaine gave him a thorough examination, reminiscent of his first physical. Elaine, however, did not ask him to cough.

Assured that he was not "sick," Elaine went on with business as planned.

She joined Dave on the bed and asked what kind of service he wanted to receive. $100 for an hour, $50 for a half-hour, or $30 for "half-and-half."

Dave knowing that "half-and-half" was not a dairy product, naively asked what he would get for his $30.

"Half blow-job and half fuck," she said without blinking. "And it has to be done in 20 minutes."

Dave agreed.

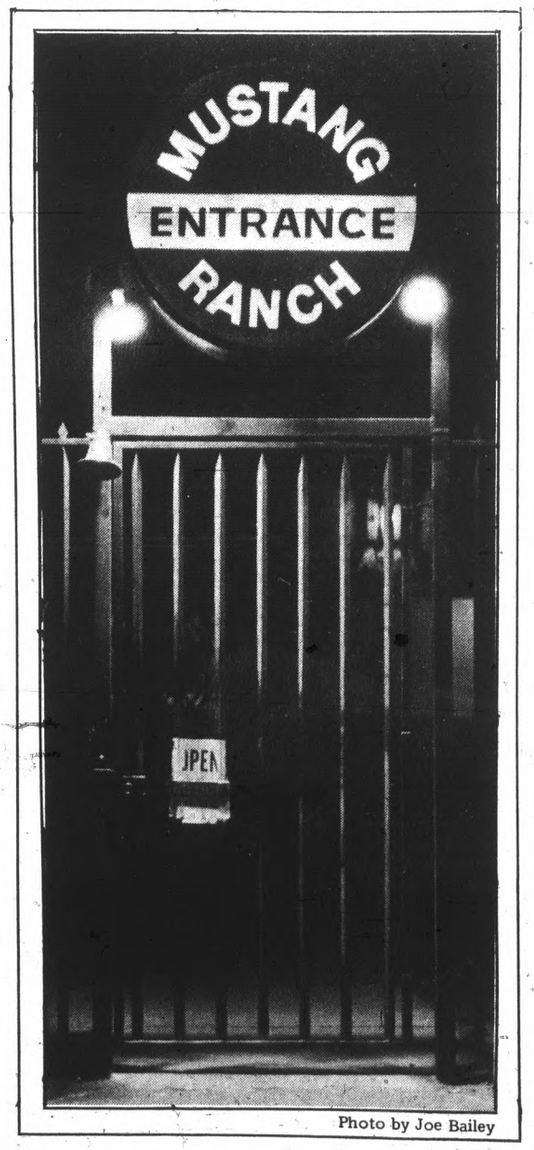

Photo by Joe Bailey

Elaine deposited the cash in her handbag, shook her frizzy hair and undressed.

Reclined on the bed, Dave spotted a sign tacked to the wall of the room. "If there are any complaints about the girls please notify the management," it read.

After 20 minutes Dave registered no complaints.

* * *

Arriving at the room, Joe was somewhat relieved when he saw the woman's rather plain face, pasted over in make-up that disguised her slightly pock-marked cheeks.

He felt silly as he stood there, naked from the waist down save for his socks. The woman methodically disrobed and lay down on the bed. Joe joined her.

The woman quickly began fulfilling her part of the contract. He still didn't know her name. It was as exciting as washing clothes.

Between the first and second acts of the bizarre

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scenario, the two were afforded a short intermission owing to a temporary lapse of Joe's libido. They talked.

Her name was Brandy and she was 19 years old. She had only been working at the ranch for a week.

The conversation shifted to Jim, Joe's new-found friend at the bar.

Brandy told Joe that earlier in the evening Jim had commissioned three women, Brandy being one of them, to tie him up and perform multiple indiscretions upon his person. Brandy said the girls weren't "qualified" to give such service so Jim had to settle for something less.

Joe asked Brandy how much of the $30 she got to keep. Her answer was an itemized list.

"I have to pay room rental, manicures, pedicures, doctor's fees; along with the cook, matron, bartender and guard's salaries." A percentage was taken out when-ever she earned more than $100 a day.

"It runs about $300 a week to work here," she said, "and then they take half of what's left. I get the rest. On a good weekend I take home about $600."

This was a good weekend. The Reno Air Races were being held. Demand was high. More than 100 women had been imported to the ranch for the weekend, reportedly from places as far away as Europe and Puerto Rico.

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Brandy was soon made defensive by Joe's dormancy.

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Joe assured her that it was nothing personal. That was the problem.

Shortly thereafter, the two fulfilled their obligations.

"That was great," she told him as they left the room.

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"I was just in a Kung Fu movie," she blurted out.

"That's interesting," Dave said.

"You're really nice," she said as she zipped up her gown. "We get some pretty strange characters in this place.

"I have to go now," Elaine said. "Every minute I go overtime I have to pay a dollar to the house. It was nice talking to you."

She pecked Dave on the cheek, thanking him as she moved towards the door.

They both left the room, Elaine three steps ahead of Dave and anxious to get back to work.

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At the bar, Joe and Dave rejoined.

Drinking one last beer, they reflected on the evening's work. Their introspection was intruded upon one last time by the agonized masochist at the bar.

"You know," Jim mumbled in a drunken stupor, "I'm fucked-up. I've been fucked up since Jan. 16. I've been fucked-up for nine months." He paused.

"Shit, I hope I'm going to be fucked-up for another nine months."

Joe and Dave rose and headed for the door.

As they left, Jim said, "Ya know, I'm fucked up right, but I'll tell ya something. These people here are fucking perverts."

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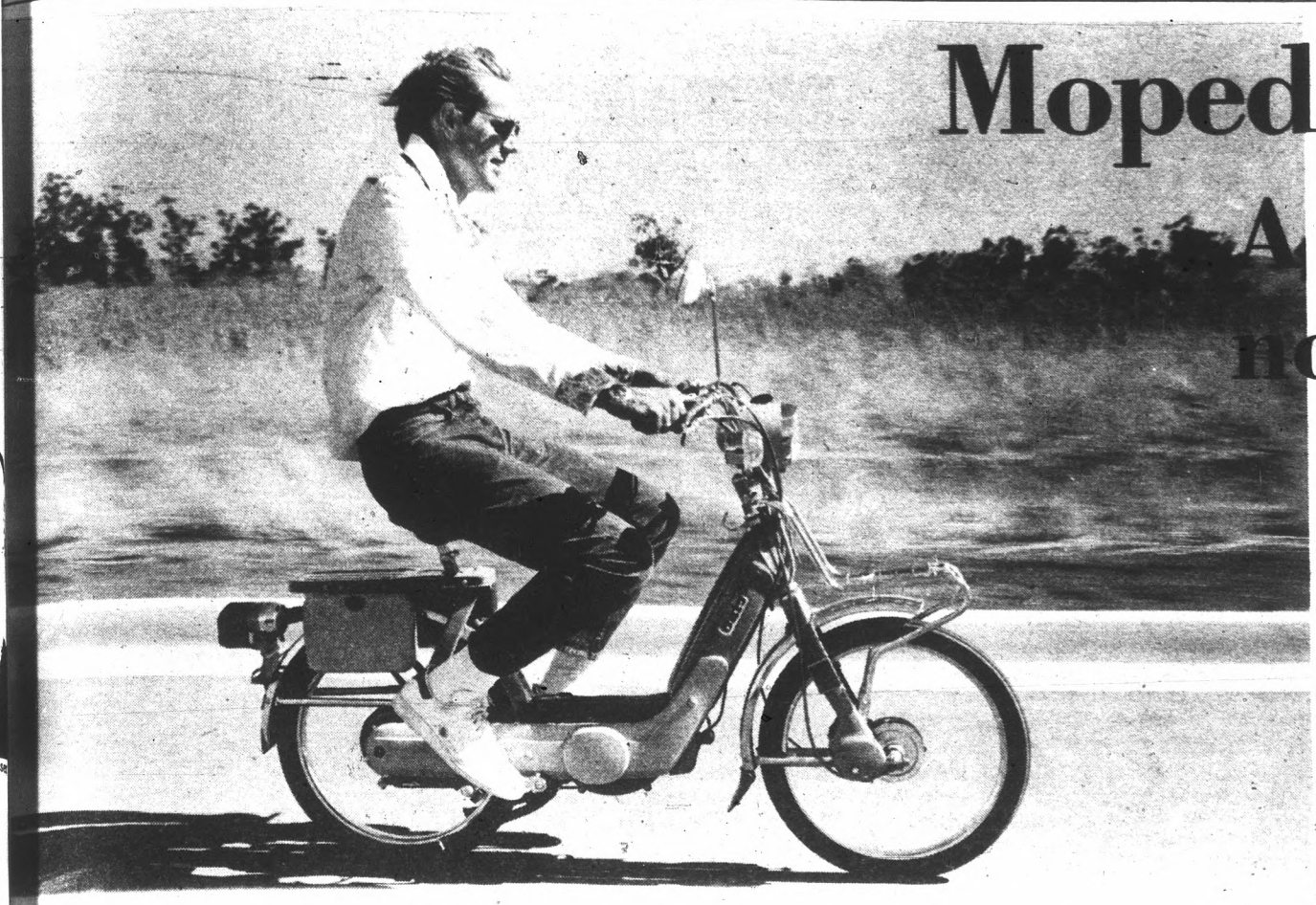

photo: mike musser

Mopedmania

A fad, but not in S.F.

By Robert Rubino

They're faster than a speeding bicycle, cheaper than a motorcycle, and able to cover great distances on a single gallon of gas.

They are mopeds – or motorized bicycles – and they have become this year's fad.

Though already received in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and Los Angeles with semi-hysterical fanfare, mopeds in this city are still vehicles in search of drivers.

San Franciscans seem to have a reputation, deserved or not, as trend setters – not followers. And so far at least, they are maintaining that reputation by staying away from these new-fangled (at least to San Franciscans) foreign gizmos.

They're not even enticed by the special moped model that has been equipped with a "speed variator," manufactured for coping with San Francisco's hilly geography.

Europeans have used these motorized bicycles for four decades, but it wasn't until the early spring of this year that two French manufacturers and a Dutch company began exporting their "effortless machines" to America.

These Mopeds – with pedals and low seat – look like small gearless bicycles, except there's a 49-cc two-stroke engine hooked on that gets up to 143 miles per gallon of fuel. One model, the Motobecane Solex, claims a capability of up to 218 m.p.g.

It sells for $519, approximately $75 more than the least expensive moped.

Bureaucratic formalities such as insurance, license plate and registration slip can be dispensed with, making moped ownership relatively painless.

Sharon Toomey, an Easterner recently in San Francisco to select a college, reported mopeds were a rage in Philadelphia.

"They're a lot of fun to drive," she said, "but they'll be useless when the winter comes."

Motobecane, one of the French manufacturers, claims sharp contrasts in mopeds' reception by Northern and Southern Californians.

"The company is currently selling one hundred units (mopeds) per month in Los Angeles," a Motobecane spokesman said, "and about thirteen a month in San Francisco."

A spot check among shops around the city indicated a similar sales ratio for the other two brands of mopeds in the U.S. – Peugeot and Batavus.

Perhaps San Franciscans are stubbornly slow to join what seems to be a national trend. Or maybe they're a bit wary of being sold yet another form of motor vehicle.

"I just couldn't feel safe on one," said Fred Trisvan, a City College student who decided against a moped. "I took a couple of test drives. They're fun to ride, no question about that. And the numbers are great – 150 miles per gallon, less than a $500 investment, no repairs and little maintenance. But I didn't feel safe in traffic. People in cars don't even see you on one of those – it's like you're invisible. It's just as dangerous as driving a bicycle in city traffic."

A new moped convert, Donna St. John, said, "I bought one on an impulse, and I haven't driven my car since. I do all my shopping with it (wire shopping basket on back is optional) and parking is never a problem. I'm more cautious when driving a moped than I would be in a car . . . so I feel safer."

St. John didn't even find fault with it when it broke down.

"I've never been very inclined toward mechanics," she said. "In fact, I just never bothered with learning anything at all about fixing machines. But when it wouldn't start one day, I looked at the illustrations in the owner's pamphlet, saw that the fuel hose had become detached, and put it back together. Even though it was a simple thing, I felt a certain satisfaction from doing it . . . I may have been intimidated by a larger or more complicated thing . . . like a car."

Top speed for mopeds is 30 m.p.h., obviously prohibiting freeway use.

"I think the speed limitation makes it impractical," said Roger Cruzen, a SF State transfer student from Visalia, where the newest mode of transportation is "very popular."

One bicyclist in Golden Gate Park called mopeds "the lazy man's bicycle. They say that you can turn the engine off and pedal it like a bicycle," the man said, "but who the hell wants to spend $500 so they can pedal a one-hundred-pound bike?"

Mopeds are not entirely without hope in San Francisco. Dealers report a wide range of buyers among the city's moped pioneers, including students, business people, blue collar workers, and people who already own bicycles and motorcycles. But the numbers of these buyers are not yet encouraging for the purveyors of mopeds.

"Sales have been slow here so far," said moped salesman Pete Schalkoord of Stanyan Cyclery. "But we expect them to pick up. It's too good a deal. The fuel economy is unbeatable and it's an easy way to get around. Anyone with a license can drive them."

The San Francisco Police Accident Division is not yet compiling statistics on mopeds. But the American Automobile Association and the National Safety Council, inspired by European reports citing moped involvement in more accidents than bicycles, are pushing for mandatory registration, licensing and insurance.

"I think that would be a disaster for the business," salesman Schalkoord said. "A big part of their appeal is not having to bother with all that."

So, while mopeds have apparently become a significant part of city traffic (at least in good weather) elsewhere in this country, San Franciscans so far seem to hear the honk of a different horn.

CENTERFOLD-PAGE ONE

BACKWORD

The lon

CENTERFOLD-PAGE TWO

The nudists hav n

"Most nudist clubs present an isolated outdoors atmosphere, where members can participate in sports, lounge by a swimming pool, or do just about anything that they would normally do while dressed. Some members actually live on the grounds, while others come to shed their clothes only on weekends." From a pamphlet handed out by a California nudist ranch.

By Jude Novi

When Jim Williams talks about nudism, a certain vibrancy enters his voice. Like an estimated 25,000 other Americans, he feels he has discovered a lifestyle that is beneficial for both mind and body -- and there's nothing that will convince him otherwise.

"I'm the kind of guy who just doesn't like to wear clothes during hot weather," he said. "What fun is it to suffer in trousers and a shirt that are sticky and wet?"

Besides forming a clothes-optional apartment complex in Southern California, Williams is also president of a nudist lobbying group known as SUN CORAL. The group is working for the legalization of nude beaches in California.

"Sure, over the years society has indicated its disapproval of nudist organizations, but that's all changing," said Williams. "Not too long ago, if you told one of your friends that you visited a nudist park on weekends, you'd probably find plenty of giggles coming your way. Or, worse yet, you'd be carrying a lot of guilt trips, but now people are getting a positive attitude towards this sort of thing. They're finding that it's a great way to relax. And that's why the membership in nudist clubs has gone up 20 percent in the last year."

Nudist advocates have become so organized that they have also designed activities exclusively for their community. This past July, the annual Miss Nude World Pagaent was held in Ontario, Can. There is a ski slope for nudists located in Germany. And, if the mood were to strike a person to sail on a Greek ship, he would find a luxury liner nudist cruise leaving the Canary Islands in December.

* * *

The reasons for joining a nudist group are as varied as the members themselves.

"It feels good to stretch out on the grass when you're totally naked," said Mary Govig, an employee of the Glen Eden Sun Club in Corona. "But I was getting awfully tired of having to peek over my fence every time to see if my neighbors were having a barbecue. Besides, I was used to nudity. I grew up on a farm, and we were always skinny-dipping and sleeping naked."

Fay Hissim, co-owner of Ten Oaks Park, a nudist club in Gilroy, said: "About 25 years ago, my husband published two or three nudist magazines, and they always showed people participating in sports, and looking healthy and happy. It just seemed like a good idea."

But talking about being a nudist is one thing, while actually taking your clothes off for that first time may be something else again.

"I guess people are self-concious for about the first five minutes," said Roland Senecal, administrative assistant for the American Sunbathing Association (ASA). "They want to put off the actual participation, but then they realize they stand out more by being dressed.

"As for me, well, I was apprehensive, to say the least. My wife and I had rented a room in a nudist club for the weekend. We stood in that room, looking at one another and saying 'Are you sure you want to do this?' Then we turned around and saw that our 2½-year-old daughter had taken off her clothes, and was ready to go outside. It kind of made us smile. We figured if she could do it, so could we."

One of the basic philosophies of nudism is that each of us is actually born a nudist, fully capable of appreciating our body without a cloak. Watch any child, nudists say, and you'll notice how comfortable he is running around naked. After all, on a warm day it's the only practical thing to do. As we grow older, though, we begin to develop doubts about our body. Certain parts, we are told, should never be shown in public. An association is quickly made between nakedness and sex. We become self-concious and secretive.

* * *

What happens in a nudist club when the protections of clothing are no longer in force, and males and females must confront each other in the total flesh?

"Actually, not much happens at all," said Williams. "As for sexual arousal in the male, I've seen it a few times. When it does occur, there's usually just a complete disregard of it. The idea of people in a nudist club chasing each other through the fields is just a fantasy for most people who've never been to these places."

by David Bella and Joe Bailey

"Oh sweet painted lady.
Seems it's always been the same.
Getting paid, for being laid.
Is that the name of the game?"

-- Elton John, 1973

Rolling along Interstate 80, Joe and Dave stopped at an Arco station, apprehensive about the whole thing.

"How do you get to Mustang Ranch? " Dave asked, trying to remain as cool and worldly as the situation warranted.

"Straight ahead on 80," the attendant said with a knowing smile. "You can't miss it. Follow the neon signs to the place that looks like an army post. It's surrounded by a wire fence and there are two guard towers. You can't miss it."

Back in the car Dave got the feeling he was on his way to boot camp.

"Behave yourselves when you get there," the attendant warned as the car pulled away. "They shoot people there, ya know?"

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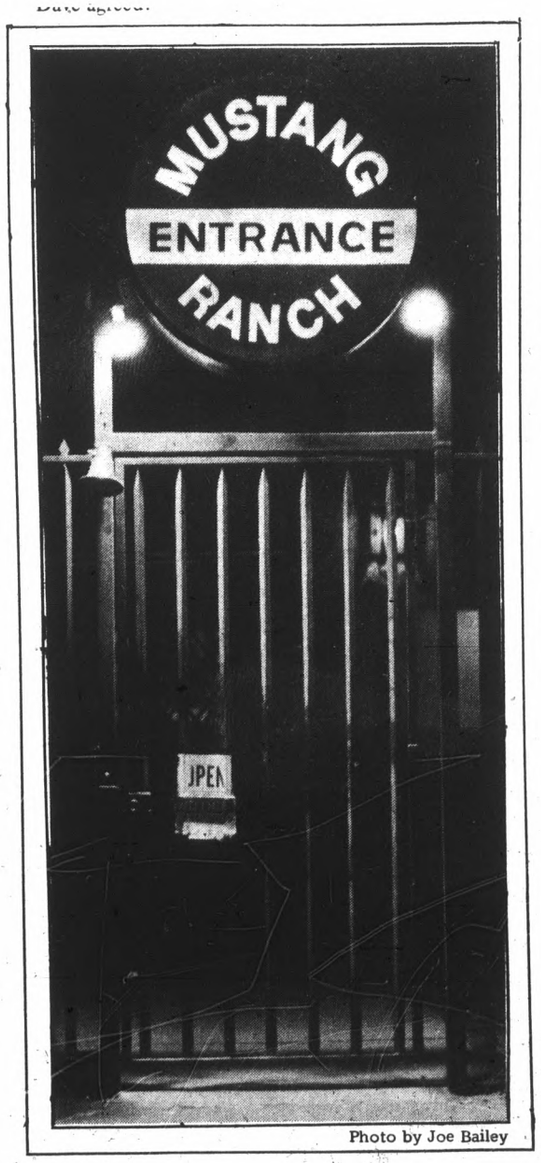

Photo by Joe Bailey

"and then they take half of what's left. I get the rest. On a good weekend I take home about $600."

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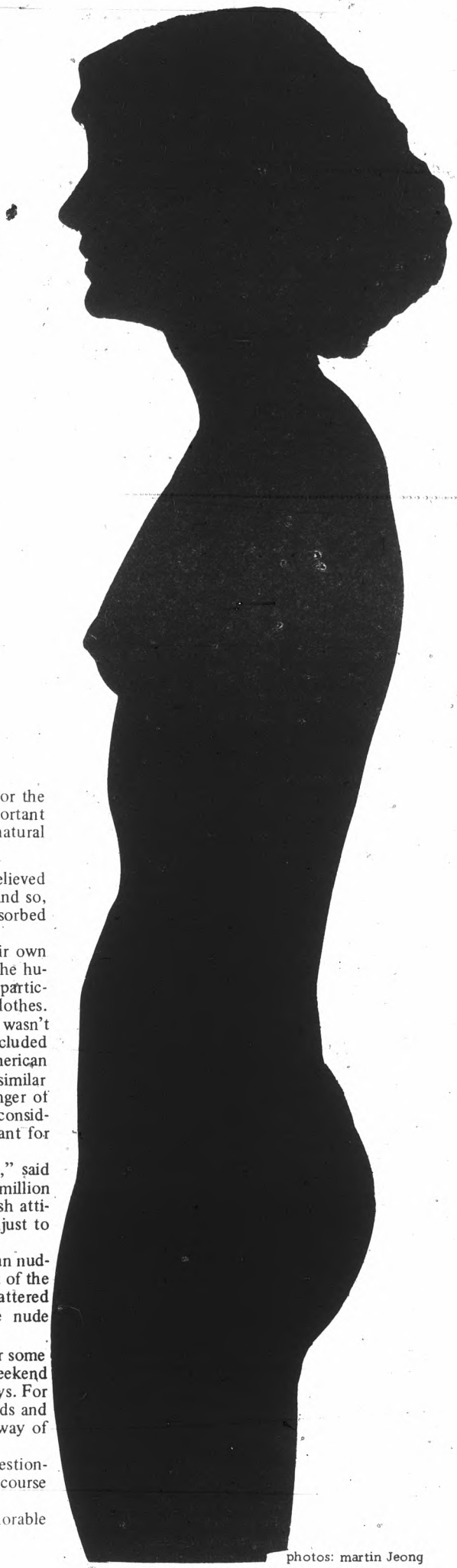
nothing to hide

photo: bob andres



photos: martin Jeong

"I think a guy would have more thoughts about sex on a regular beach," said Senecal, "where he sees a girl wearing a scanty bikini. That's when his imagination really starts to work. But there's nothing really sexy about a totally nude body because there's no longer any mystery. What you're looking at is a person, not a sex object."

As far as children are concerned, according to some nudists, early exposure to the opposite sex may even be beneficial. "The kids develop a healthy attitude about the whole thing," said Hissim. "My kids grew up in this kind of environment, and they have absolutely no sex hang-ups. They're happy people."

According to the ASA, no child who was raised a nudist has ever been known to have been convicted of a sex crime.

"My kids don't have the curiosity about the other sex which other kids have," noted one mother. "They've seen the differences in the human figure, and explaining the functions of the different parts of the body is simple. My fifteen-year-old boy came to me one day and told me that some of the boys in his class had climbed up on the wall to peek in the window of the girls' room. I asked him if he did, and he said why should he -- he knew what girls looked like."

* * *

The 1970's have seen thousands of Americans, particularly on the West Coast, flocking to nude beaches. In Northern California there are at least 35 of these shores devoted to nudists. Each of them hold certain advantages and drawbacks. "The trouble with a nude beach is that you don't have any real privacy," said Thelma Rowe, co-owner of the Rawhide Ranch near Sacramento. "Anybody can come along and snap your picture. That's why I think a nudist club would be better. With things like a nice swimming pool, clubhouse, and volleyball court, it's a place where you have a controlled family atmosphere." And, whereas clubs are legal, beaches are not.

Although the laws prohibiting nude beaches are not enforced that rigidly, there have been a number of cases where nude bathers were cited for disturbing the peace. For a first offense, fines usually run between $25 and $35.

"I like being nude when I swim in the ocean," said Jim Turner, a Daly City resident. He frequents Devil's Slide, a nude beach about five minutes south of Pacifica, off of Highway 1. "This place is convenient for me. Not only is it isolated, but it's close to where I live. The nearest nudist club is tucked off in the wilderness, somewhere in Castro Valley. That's a pretty long drive, and I'd have to pay to get inside there."

"I guess it doesn't matter where you go, one way or the other," shrugged another nude sunbather. "The important thing is that you're just enjoying yourself in a very natural way."

* * *

As far back as 1500 B.C., the ancient Egyptians believed that the sun's rays were a symbol of God's presence. And so, as they carried on their daily routine, these people absorbed this blessing the best way they knew how -- naked.

In later years, the Greeks promoted nudism in their own way. Because these people believed in the beauty of the human body, it seemed only natural that the athletes who participated in the Olympic Games should compete without clothes.

But in America it took a bit longer to catch on. It wasn't until 1929 that a few daring citizens gathered in a secluded area upriver from New York City and formed "The American League for Physical Culture" for nudists. A number of similar clubs eventually followed, but they were always in danger of police raids. To be indicted on charges of lewdness was considered a disgrace, and this attitude remained fairly constant for two decades.

"America is still suffering from the Victorian era," said Williams. "For instance, in Europe there are over 28 million nudists. A lot of Europeans are amazed by our prudish attitudes. They say that's one of the hardest things to adjust to when they visit this country."

In the mid-1950's though, as the number of American nudists began to increase, our society became more tolerant of the practice. Today there are 150 nudist clubs scattered throughout North America, as well as innumerable nude beaches. Most clubs are linked by the ASA.

And the practice of nudism continues to flourish. For some people, it represents a perfect way to unwind on a weekend after being strangled by a business suit for five long days. For others, it's a social thing, a chance to visit with friends and gather with family. And for others still, it's simply a way of treating your body to a little more sunshine.

But there can be other considerations as well. A question-answer pamphlet distributed by the ASA finished its discourse with this entry:

Q: What are the chances for a single man, with honorable intentions, to meet a nice girl at a nudist park?

A: About the same as anywhere else.

BACKWORD

The lon

by David Bella and Joe Bailey

"Oh sweet painted lady.
Seems it's always been the same.
Getting paid, for being laid.
Is that the name of the game?"

-- Elton John, 1973

Rolling along Interstate 80, Joe and Dave stopped at an Arco station, apprehensive about the whole thing.

"How do you get to Mustang Ranch? " Dave asked, trying to remain as cool and worldly as the situation warranted.

"Straight ahead on 80," the attendant said with a knowing smile. "You can't miss it. Follow the neon signs to the place that looks like an army post. It's surrounded by a wire fence and there are two guard towers. You can't miss it."

Back in the car Dave got the feeling he was on his way to boot camp.

"Behave yourselves when you get there," the attendant warned as the car pulled away. "They shoot people there, ya know?"

Set near Reno, Nev., Mustang Ranch is surrounded by the kind of land that reminds one of green pastures, grazing horses, and the lower-forty. At this ranch, however, nothing is lower than $30.

A pair of one-story prefabricated buildings, Mustang is the brothel of brothels in a state that boasts at least forty similar houses.

As they coasted into the main parking lot, Joe and Dave were greeted by a shimmering circular sign: "Mustang Ranch, Entrance."

Beyond the gate they caught glimpses of the action inside. Scores of women passed by the curtainless windows that lined the front of the building.

Pressing the buzzer that released the lock on the gate, they moved down the walkway and passed through a door that opened into the main lobby.

They were immediately met by Carrie, a large middle-aged matron in an aquamarine skirt and black apron. Behind her horned-rimmed glasses, eyes bright, she smiled pleasantly. She looked like a cafeteria attendant at an elementary school. She stripped Joe of his camera and satchel.

"Good evening," she smiled, "Come right in and pick a lady."

Standing in a line reminiscent of the third infantry were the ladies of the ranch. There were a dozen in all, some smiling, others looking bored. Some dressed in revealing evening gowns, others in outfits only slightly resembling clothing.

Mouths gaping, Joe and Dave silently stared. In a few seconds the line broke up.

As the ladies dispersed, some moved to the couches that lined the lobby, others to the bar behind an open partition 40 feet from the front door.

The bar, crowded with non-intimidating male patrons, looked safe, so Joe and Dave sought refuge there.

From the bar, a full view of the lobby came into

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Women lounged on the sofas, pawing at their potential customers.

9

focus. Blinding red walls distorted their vision. Velvet pictures hung from every wall, like the ones in Mexican restaurants. But these were pictures of tits and asses, not desperadoes.

Tiny statues of naked women on horses, presumably mustangs, lined the shelf that circled the lobby. Endless hallways surrounded the bar, leading to the promised land.

Joe and Dave soon realized the lineup that welcomed them was part of the routine.

Every time the buzzer rang, the ladies assumed their positions for inspection. The size of the line depended on how business was at the time.

Settling into their seats at the bar, they stared at the scene around them as if they were two kids at a zoo. It was a zoo.

Women lounged on the sofas, pawing at their potential customers, while the air filled with the dialogue of sex.

They observed the bartender hurrying about. Craggy-faced and puffy-nosed, she hustled down the line handing out dollar cans of beer.

"Hey Ralph, where the hell is my drink?" someone shouted from the end of the bar.

"I'll be there in a minute you sexy savage," Ralph said.

"Here's your beer, precious," she said to Dave with a lecherous smile. She looked like a veteran who had been put out to pasture.

"Those two jerks couldn't even get a stiff," shouted a cowboy from the corner of the bar. His cronies roared with an approving round of laughter.

* * *

Jim asked Joe if he had ever been to Canada. He had.

"Great place to be from," Jim said sarcastically. He directed Joe's attention to two men standing behind him.

"Canucks," Jim said. "They're real assholes."

Joe ignored Jim as best he could and surveyed the lobby.

It was crowded with fat men in polyester suits, cowboys in dirty denim; greasemonkeys, businessmen. Across the room sat a couch full of high school students, eyes fixed on the floor. The buzzer sounded and the ritual of display occurred again.

* * *

Bob returned to the bar. He hadn't been gone 10 minutes.

"I couldn't get it up," he said with drunken disgust. He then passed a menacing glance Dave's way.

"Write this in your story," he slurred. "I took on two women before Dottie but this time I couldn't get a hard-on." He was visibly upset that he hadn't pulled off the hat-trick.

* * *

Jim began to give Joe a first-hand account of the women's particular qualities.

"She gives good head," he said, pointing to a short blonde in a white silk dress. He kept at Joe imploring him to "take a pick."

* * *

Soon, a blonde with a nose that rivaled Durante's was at Dave's back. She massaged his shoulders.

"Hi, my name is Elaine," she said.

"Hi, my name is Dave."

"Have you been to bed yet?"

"No, I just drove in from San Francisco and I've been on the road for five hours. I'm really tired," Dave lamely replied.

"Well," she smiled, "come to my room and I'll do the driving."

Once again Dave was speechless.

Elaine left as the buzzer rang and Jack delivered a

CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR

Give your car T.L.C.

Fix it yourself and save money

By Marysue Smith

Car owners -- at least some of them -- are fighting back.

By learning to maintain their own cars, they save a large percentage of the cost of a garage bill. According to John Langendorf, Design and Industry instructor at SF State, "Depending on where you buy parts, you can save 60 to 80 percent on a tune-up for a standard American car," he said.

Auto mechanics classes are introducing drivers to basic repair and preventative maintenance. Once they learn, all those gadgets under the hood lose their arcane terror.

Most students are not the car cultists of *Road and Track* or *Street Machine*. They are, rather, among a growing number of consumers who acknowledge a do-it-yourselfer's pride and want to save time and money.

Most auto mechanics courses for consumers are offered through high school evening classes and adult schools, though a sprinkling of them are privately taught.

And the demand for those classes exceeds their availability. "There's no problem in filling classes," said Langendorf. He taught Auto Maintenance for Consumers during the summer session, the first class of this type offered at SF State.

The basic repair course teaches automotive theory and how to do simple things like flushing the radiator. More advanced classes may tackle brake repair, tune-ups, and transmission service.

* * *

Jerry, who wanted only his first name used, is an auto mechanic who teaches private repair classes to beginners and those who tinker with their cars on weekends.

His hands are like a Pennsylvania coal miner's, and he describes his attitude as a "Grateful Dead outlook" on auto mechanics. "I try to do the best I can in teaching and working. I take it seriously, but I have fun too. Nothing is that serious," he said.

The 31-year old mechanic combines shyness with, at times, a jocular toughness. During class he talks constantly, packing information into the three-hour session.

On a Saturday morning, eight men and eight women showed up for the first class of the six-week course. In a small garage which Jerry rents for his classes, the students sat on kitchen chairs off the driveway.

During the class, Jerry emphasized theory over actual repair so that students would know why their cars broke down.

His $30 course emphasizes emergency repairs and safety steps for working on cars, along with how to use automotive tools.

If ignored, small but essential repairs can lead to large service bills, Jerry said. "If you like your car, change the oil every 2,000 miles."

* * *

At 64, Dorothy Walker took Jerry's course because, she said, "I was tired of being ripped off by overly expensive mechanics. I have a lemon of a car and thought I should know what the insides look like."

When Walker, a former San Francisco Examiner reporter, told her friends about the class, "they burst into laughter. 'I won't let you fix my car,' they said."

Walker showed up at her first class in overalls and heavy shoes. "I don't mind getting my hands or clothes dirty," she said.

Through the weeks she learned to put on the rotor and distributor cap and replace the spark plugs in her Gremlin.

Walker took the class to understand her car, not to her own repairs. "I'm bright enough to see what sh happen, but I don't have the familiarity of a mecha she said. "I could do a tune-up, but I'm lazy."

Since learning emergency repairs in the class, W feels more comfortable with flares, jumper cables, a box, and a good spare tire in her trunk.

* * *

Another graduate of Jerry's course i Francisco police officer Richard Weinand thin man of 50, he knew some automo theory but did few repairs until he the course.

"Before the course, if my car di start, I just poked around under hood," he said. "Service manuals a technical they're hard to follow."

He saved more than the cost of his six chanics classes by learning to do tune-ups. "I about $80 for a tune-up for my Chevy truck at a er's." He spent $26 in parts to tune-up the truck aft took the course.

Maintenance rather than ambitious repairs Weinand's goal, but by learning about electrical sys in the class, he installed a CB radio in his truck.

"I do a lot of fishing and camping and was afra being stuck somewhere," he said.

Wary of garages and gas station mechanics, Wei said he is now more able to diagnose his car's probl "Before I knew anything about cars, I didn't know mine was misfiring. A mechanic would simply fix a wire, snicker, and charge me $18."

Weinand was happy with what he learned about and now, when he considers buying one, he takes a to see how accessible the engine is, a factor that d mines the size of a repair bill, but an idea that n occurred to him before.

* * *

Sunday mechanic Pam Hodgins said she likes respect she gets from understanding how an en works. Knowing her way around a car is practical "good for my ego," she said.

An auto mechanics class this summer taught her to reline her brakes and do a lubrication job on her suspension. She regularly changes spark plugs and oil checks the compression of engine cylinders in her Datsun.

A short, serious woman with a feisty air, she plained her fascination with diagnosing a car's ailme

"Americans have respect for the man who does of things himself," she said. "There's nothing m frustrating than to have something break. And it happen again unless you know what went wrong.

"Lots of people ignore maintenance and their always break down," she said.

Hodgins has an idealistic view of auto mechanics refers to Maoist Chinese philosophy: "If you work a machine you don't understand, you are helpless. China, they don't allow machines on communes un the people can fix them."

"I think you should understand the things you to in your life," she said.

* * *

So as car parts and the cost of labor continue to like mercury on a hot summer day, more consumers protecting themselves with knowledge gleaned fr classes devoted to their specific needs.

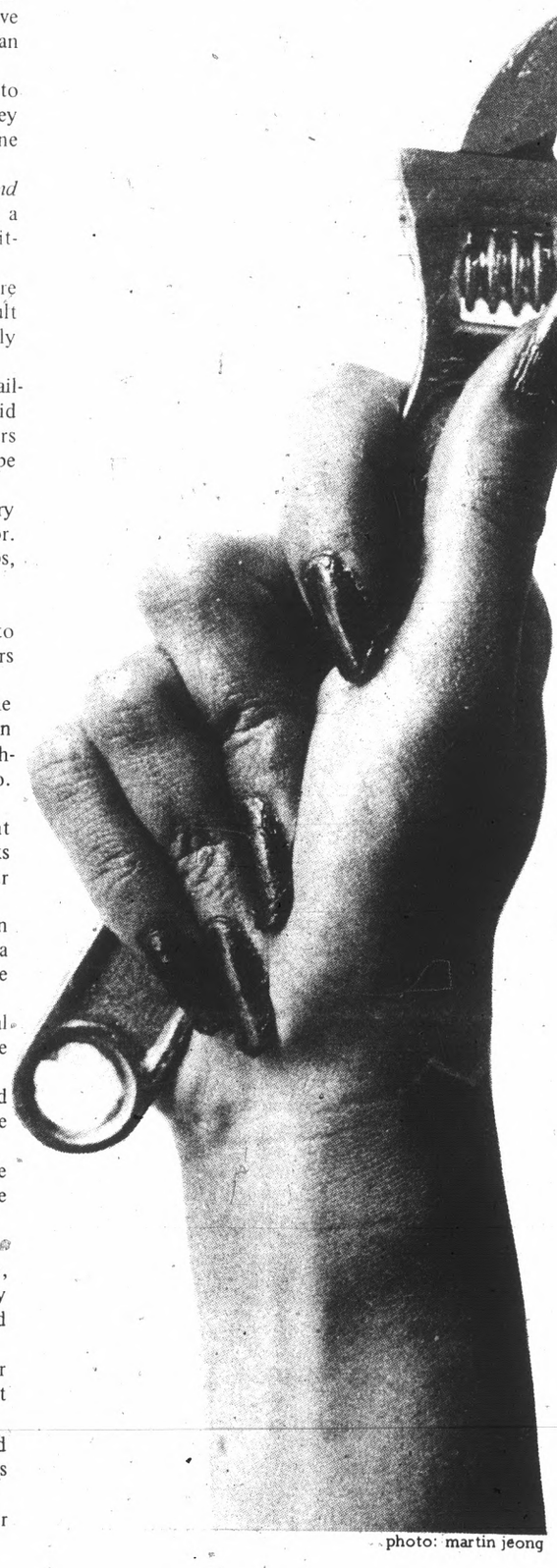

photo: martin jeong

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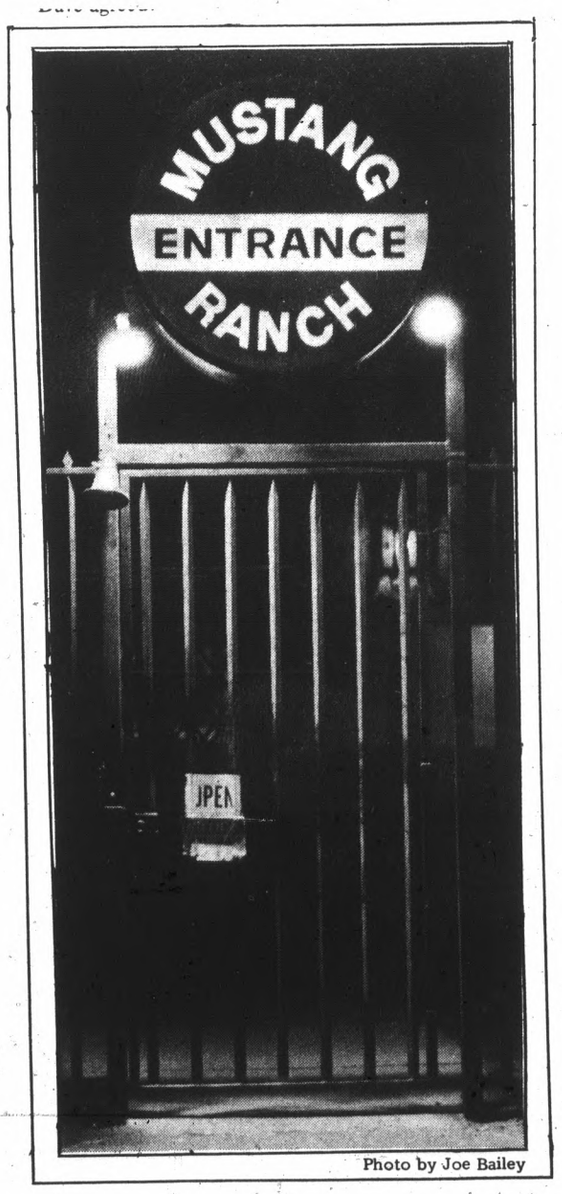

Photo by Joe Bailey

"and then they take half of what's left. I get the rest. On a good weekend I take home about $600."

This was a good weekend. The Reno Air Races were being held. Demand was high. More than 100 women had been imported to the ranch for the weekend, reportedly from places as far away as Europe and Puerto Rico.

"There is this list of women who live all over the place. They make themselves available for a few days during the rush. Most of this weekend's extras were from California," she said.

Brandy was soon made defensive by Joe's dormancy.

"I'm really not such a bad person. I'm actually pretty nice when you get to know me," she told him.

Joe assured her that it was nothing personal. That was the problem.

Shortly thereafter, the two fulfilled their obligations.

"That was great," she told him as they left the room.

* * *

As Dave and Elaine both dressed, Elaine, feeling the uneasiness of the scene, tried for some idle conversation.

"I was just in a Kung Fu movie," she blurted out.

"That's interesting," Dave said.

"You're really nice," she said as she zipped up her gown. "We get some pretty strange characters in this place.

"I have to go now," Elaine said. "Every minute I go overtime I have to pay a dollar to the house. It was nice talking to you."

She pecked Dave on the cheek, thanking him as she moved towards the door.

They both left the room, Elaine three steps ahead of Dave and anxious to get back to work.

* * *

At the bar, Joe and Dave rejoined.

Drinking one last beer, they reflected on their evening's work. Their introspection was intruded upon one last time by the agonized masochist at the bar.

"You know," Jim mumbled in a drunken stupor, "I'm fucked-up. I've been fucked up since Jan. 16. I've been fucked-up for nine months." He paused.

"Shit, I hope I'm going to be fucked-up for another nine months."

Joe and Dave rose and headed for the door.

As they left, Jim said, "Ya know, I'm fucked up all right, but I'll tell ya something. These people here are all fucking perverts."